

T H E

# Monthly Miscellany,

For D E C E M B E R, 1776.

To the Editor of the Monthly  
Miscellany.

[With a Copper-plate representing a  
Modern Press-Gang.]

SIR,

THE practice of Preffing is generally allowed to be arbitrary and opprefive, and only the indispensible necessity of such a procedure can in any degree apologize for it. But surely leſs barbarous methods might be purſued than those which are adopted by our modern Press-Gangs, who think the Warrant granted by government for Imprefſing, is alſo a ſufficient Warrant to commit the moſt horrid outrages.—Dislocation of limbs, fractures of the ſcuſ, and the moſt cruel murders, are almoſt daily committed by them, with impunity.

The Copper-plate annexed will ſufficiently diſplay the boasted li-

[Month. Mis.]

berties we enjoy, and convince every impartial perſon that the freedom we pretend to enjoy is little more than ideal.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

*A Volunteer againſt Preffing.*

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## B O N M O T.

M R. J—k—n telling, the other day, at his own table, that, from ſome late altercations between Lord North and another member of the cabinet, he was afraid they would ſoon go by the Ears altogether. “ O, (ſaid a gentleman preſent) if they fight it out in that way only, they will come by no bodily harm, for the length of their weapons will keep them at a very ſafe diſtance.”

T t t

Thoughts

## Thoughts on the Style of History.

By Mons. GAILLARD.

**T**HREE are words—(the observation has been made before me), which by being often in the mouths of those who little understand them, come at last to have no precise signification. This is perhaps the case with the following expressions,—*the historical style—his style is not like that of an historian, &c.* The generality of readers repeat these expressions, and probably do not understand them. Is it even absolutely certain, that there is a style peculiar to history, as there is one peculiar to tragedy, to comedy, to sacred or profane oratory; in a word, to all those species of composition which are incontestably fixed? If there is such a style for history, it ought to be the rhetorical style; what the rhetorical style is to poetry, or at least nearly so. But I have some doubts to propose upon this subject.

Before reflection, and a spirit of method had fixed the different species of composition, the reasons for fixing these different species had existed. Nature had established a proportion between words and things; she taught men to say serious things seriously, pleasant things pleasantly, noble things nobly: but in writing, she blended and confounded these different species and colours, or at least, brought them too near each other; she placed similes too near to tears; and the noble too near the familiar. Art has separated all this; it has collected things of the same nature, appropriated them to a fixed species, and given this species an exclusive title to them. But what has art assigned to history? What has it forbidden history the use of? It is an error to imagine that grave and serious subjects only belong to history; and we must not carry that

haughty maxim of Ammianus Marcellinus too far, though it is true to a certain degree, *Historiae affuetæ discurrere per negotiorum celsitudines, non humilium minutias indagare causarum.* Must we then conceal the trifling causes which produced great events, or must we express them with majesty? This would be turning them to burlesque. Nothing certainly ought to be neglected which characterises ages, nations, and princes, new ages, nations, and princes have their errors; of these errors, some produce crimes, and we must detest them; others only occasion ridicule, and we must dare to laugh at them. My opinion is, and is supported by great examples, and by the nature of things, that History may sometimes decently descend to a philosophic smile, and I can never think that she degrades herself by imitating philosophy.

What then is the general principle in regard to history? It is this: I borrow it from Sallust; *Facta dilit sunt exequanda.* This principle, notwithstanding it is very general, seems clearer than what Cicero says upon the same subject, who tells us, that the style of history ought to be *clarum et incitatum.* Sallust's principle is, to vary the style according to the subject; to give events and persons their proper tone; not to bestow the same colours upon the devastations of war, and the subtleties of negotiation; to give characters all their force and energy, crimes all their horror, virtues all their dignity, great and noble actions all their *éclat*: not to degrade heroism by a feeble style, nor to chill the passions by a frigid one; not to give the little arts, the perfidious intrigues, and childish tricks of policy, a false importance by an elevated style.

THE

## THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE characters of *Caractacus*, a dramatic poem, presented, for the first time, on Friday December 6, at Covent-Garden Theatre, were thus personated:

<i>Caractacus</i>	<i>Mr. Clark.</i>
<i>Aviragus</i>	<i>Mr. Lewis.</i>
<i>Elidurus</i>	<i>Mr. Wroughton.</i>
<i>His Brother,</i>	<i>Mr. Ward.</i>
<i>Roman General,</i>	<i>Mr. Whitfield.</i>
<i>Evilena,</i>	<i>Mrs. Hartley.</i>

## PERSONS of the CHORUS.

<i>Modred, the chief druid,</i>	<i>Mr. Aickin.</i>
<i>Mador, the chief bard,</i>	<i>Mr. Hull.</i>
<i>Second bard,</i>	<i>Mr. Leoni.</i>
<i>Third bard,</i>	<i>Mrs. Farrel.</i>
<i>Fourth bard,</i>	<i>Mr. Reinhold.</i>
<i>Choral bards, druids, priests, &amp;c.</i>	

This beautiful poem has been altered for the stage by its author Mr. Mason; to whom the managers have done strict justice, and acquired the highest credit themselves. *Caractacus*, as last night performed is one of the most complete pieces of stage exhibition in our memory, and we the rather mention this, as it required more than ordinary care to settle the business so as to render it regular and perfect. The music is by Dr. Arne, who has been extremely successful throughout, but we think not more so than in *Elfrieda*. The style of last night's composition was the true sublime, and consequently afforded a rich treat to the cognoscenti. Dr. Arne is beyond a doubt the modern Handel.

*Caractacus* received the loud and repeated applause of a very crowded and brilliant audience, who, much to their honour, felt the force of the poetry, and tafted the melody of the music. As a poem, *Caractacus* will ever stand deservedly high in the annals of literature. As a stage exhibition, (notwithstanding the want of interest till the third act,

and the now obsolete plan on which it is formed, and which renders it somewhat tedious in performance) it will be highly relished by every hearer of sense and judgment. How far it may please the million we cannot take upon us to determine, but it certainly ought to hold a very respectable rank in the theatre, and is a proof that the managers are not so lost to a proper feeling for merit, as to be niggards in the representation of pieces more remarkable for the beauty and sublimity of their language, and the correctness of their fable, than any catch-clap artifice to impose on the passions, or any pantomime incidents to take the audience by surprise, and extort applause, before the givers of it can judge whether the incident deserves it, or not.

The performers of yesterday-evening merit great praise. Had Mr. Barry played *Caractacus*, the piece would certainly have been much strengthened, especially in the fifth act, where the author deals in the pathetic, and stands in need of a performer wont to utter soft melting sounds. Mr. Clark, it must be owned, exerted himself, and in some of the scenes was very deservedly applauded, but upon the whole he was rather too harsh in his style of acting. It would have a better effect if Mr. Clark were another night to alter the dress of his head; he looked from the front boxes too much like Jove, in *The Golden Pippin*. *Caractacus* talks frequently of his age—would not grey hair be better than brown? Mr. Wroughton never played any part so well as *Elidurus*; in the 3d act he was especially superior; one obvious reason of his last night's merit was he forewent that ugly mode of catching his breath like a man with a short consumptive cough, to which he is sometimes addicted. Aickin's manner accorded happily with the character of the

First Druid. He preserved the dignity of the character without sinking gravity into dulness. Mr. Hull delivered the beautiful lines of Mador, the Chief Bard, very sensibly, and with that proper alteration of energy which spoke the man of reading. Mr. Lewis was spirited in Aviragus. Mr. Whitefield and Mr. Ward a little too much upon the rant, in their characters. Mrs. Hartley looked divinely, and acquitted herself remarkably well. This actress is of late much improved.

Mr. Leoni distinguished himself as usual; Mr. Reinhold also deserved great applause; and Mrs. Farrel, a lady, whom scarce any person knew, surprised the audience with one of the most musical voices ever heard. The managers have here gained a prize, or we are much mistaken.

As *Caractacus* is written on the Greek model, the unity of place is preserved. During the whole performance therefore only one scene was exhibited, and that represented a Druid's altar at the foot of an oak in Mona, with a parcel of rocks, the entrances of the caverns in which the Druids reside.

The dresses of the characters were rich and well fancied. Those of the Druids characteristic and simple. Upon the whole, it was, as we have said above, the best first night's representation, in point of conduct in business and perfectness in the actors, we ever saw.

Dr. Arne's music is certainly good, and the chorusses are correct in point of harmony, and fine through all the accompaniments.

*The three following Airs gave great satisfaction to the audience.*

A I R.

Mr. Leoni and Mrs. Farrel.  
WELCOME! welcome! gentle  
train,  
Mona hails you to her plain,

Here your genial dews dis-  
pense,  
Dews of peace, and innocence!

A I R. Mr. Leoni.

Change! my harp, O change thy  
my measures!  
Cull, from thy mellifluous treasures,  
Notes that steal on even feet;  
Ever flow, yet never pausing,  
Mix'd with many a warble  
sweet,  
In a ling'ring cadence closing.

A I R. Mr. Leoni.

Radiant ruler of the day,  
Pause upon thy orb sublime!  
Bid this awful moment stay,  
Bind it on the brow of time!  
While Mona's trembling echoes  
sigh  
To strains that thrill when heroes  
die!

#### A N E C D O T E

Of Queen ELIZABETH.

When queen Elizabeth was at Osterly, the seat of Sir Thomas Greatham, who built the Royal Exchange, she observed to him a wall at one side of the garden, which confined, in some respect, the prospect. Sir Thomas seemed to take no further notice of her majesty's remark at that time than to coincide in it; but as soon as ever she retired to her chamber, he had prepared a number of workmen, in readiness, who had the wall entirely pulled down by morning. The queen, upon her walking the gardens, was surprized at the alteration; but turning about to Sir Thomas, with great readiness, observed, "She did not wonder that he that could build a Change, could so readily change a building."

CAN.

## CONSIDERATIONS ON BEGGARS.

**T**O maintain beggars, is contributing to multiply vagabonds, who are pleased with this lazy way of life ; and not only become a burthen to society, but deprive it also of the work they might be capable of doing. These are the maxims with which complaisant reasoners delight to flatter the hard-heartedness of the rich.

We suffer and maintain at a great expence, multitudes of uselesſ professions ; many of which serve only to corrupt and hurt the morals. If we examine the condition of a beggar, as a profession only, far from having the like to dread, we find nothing in it but what nourishes in us the sentiments of interest and humanity, which should unite all mankind. If we consider it as a talent, why should we not recompence the eloquence of the beggar who affects our hearts, and induces us to succour him, as we pay a comedian, who makes us shed a few barren tears ? If the one makes us love the good actions of another, the other reduces to do good ourselves. Whatever we feel at a tragedy, is forgot the moment we de-  
part ; but the recollection of the unhappy we have relieved, gives an endless and perpetual pleasure. If a great number of beggars are burthen-  
some to a state, of how many other professions, which are encouraged and tolerated, might not as much be said ? It is the duty of the sovereign to act in such a manner, as to prevent there being any beggars ; but to deter them from their profession, must the citizens be in-  
human and unnatural ? For myself, without considering what the poor are to the state, I know they are all my brethren, and that I cannot, without an inexcusable barbarity, refuse them the trifling assistance they request of me ; the greatest

part are vagabonds, I agree ; but I am too well acquainted with the troubles of life, to be ignorant through how many misfortunes an honest man may be reduced to their fate ; and, how can I be certain, that the unknown person, who, in the name of God, implores my assistance, and begs a morsel of dry bread, is not, perhaps, this honest man, ready to perish with hunger, and whom my refusal reduces to despair ?—When the alms we bestow is not a real succour to them, it is, at least, a testimony to them, that we take part in their troubles ; a softening of the cruelty of a refusal, a kind of salutation, a farthing, or a bit of bread, scarce cost any thing, and are a more honourable and honest answer, than a *God help you* ; as, if the gifts of God, were not in the hands of men, and he had other granaries on earth besides those of the rich ? In short whatever we may think of these unhappy wretches, if we owe nothing to the beggars who implore our charity, we, at least, owe to ourselves the doing honour to suffering humanity or its image, and ought not to harden our hearts at the sight of its miseries.

Nothing conduces so much to changing of a profession, as the not being able to live by it ; therefore, all those who have once tasted this idle profession, take such an aversion to work, that they had rather rob and be hanged, than return again to labour : a farthing is soon asked, and soon refused ; but, ten farthings would have paid for the supper and lodgings of a poor wretch, whose patience ten refusals may, perhaps, quite tire out, and make outrageous.

Who would ever refuse so trifling an alms, if he thought that he could thereby save two men, the one from crimes and the other from death ! —

*An Account of a new Musical Entertainment, or Persian Tale, in three Parts, called SELIMA and AZOR, which was performed at Drury-lane Theatre.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Azor, Mr. Vernon; Scander, Mr. Baunister; Ali, Mr. Dodd; Lefbia, Mrs. Scott; Fatima, Miss Collett; Fairy, Miss Jarratt; Selima, Mrs. Baddeley; Genii, Fairies, Spirits, &c.

Scene P E R S I A.

Sometimes lying in the Palace of the Fairy, and then in a country Mansion, &c.

F A B L E.

**S**CANDER, a Turkish merchant, and his attendant Ali, quit their native country and travel into Persia, in search of mercantile treasures. On their arrival at the Persian territories, they find themselves benighted in a large wood, and a terrible tempest of thunder, lightening, and rain coming on at the same time; espying, however, a glimmering light through a vista, they make up to it, which leads them to a splendid palace of prince Azor, who for his amours and infidelity, was transformed by a fairy, from the handsomest man, to one of the ugliest monsters in the creation, and doomed to dwell there till he should be loved by some female, which might atone for his crimes, and restore him to his former shape and possessions.

Scander and Ali are amazed to find so magnificent a palace uninhabited; and presently their astonishment increases, on a splendid table rising from the floor, covered the richest dainties; to which, after some hesitation, they at last sit down. After supper, Scander recollects the commissions that his three daughters had charged him

with,—two requesting that he would bring them silks and fineries; but his favourite Selima, that he would bring her only a robe: seeing, therefore, a rose-tree growing round a pillar in one corner of the room, he goes up to it, and plucks one of its flowers; when instantly the pillar and tree disappear, and Azor stands confess in all his deformity.—After upbraiding him for his conduct, Azor enquires the cause, and learning it, pities him; but tells him that some atonement must be made, and therefore charges him to deliver up one of his daughters to him;—Scander with great reluctance consents to send her, or return himself, to meet the prince's vengeance; accordingly, to expedite their journey, Azor equips them with a car drawn by two fire-breathing dragons, which instantly conveys them to their own habitation.

On Scander's arrival at home, tho' he strives to keep his sorrows a secret from them, his daughters perceive that some disaster had befallen him; and therefore Selima, meeting with Ali by himself, gets the secret out of him, and instantly prepares to go to the palace of the genii to save her father's life; and endeavours to prevail upon Ali to accompany her, who complies; upon which they set out, and soon arrive there. The first thing that strikes Selima's sight, is the following inscription, "Selima's Apartments," to which going up, and undrawing a curtain, three Cupids advance, attended by a groupe of Graces, who dance around her; at last Azor himself comes forth, at sight of whom Selima faints on a couch of flowers. Recovering herself, she is surprized to find his manner so easy and agreeable, when his body is so deformed; he explains to her the nature of his metamorphosis, till at length she begins to take an interest in his misfortune,

fortune.—He tells her, that palace and all it possesses are hers, and every thing within his power that she can wish shall be complied with.—She therefore, after some vain requests, desires to see her father and sisters; upon which he waves his talisman, and a long pier glass divides, and discovers them in shade through it, who sing a trio, at the end of which she running up to embrace them, the glass closes, and the vision ceases.

Selima, now anxious to behold her father, prevails upon Azor to suffer her to depart, promising to return ere the setting of the next day's sun. He complies, and after the warmest protestations of his passion for her, as the strongest proof of his real affection, he gives her a ring which sets her free from his power; this receiving she departs, with the strongest impressions of his kindness and love, and determined to return, agreeable to her promise. During her absence, the fairy who had imposed the spell on Azor, perceiving Selima's partiality for him, appears, and restores him to his former shape and beauty. Selima soon after returns, though contrary to the will of her father and sisters, and is no less astonished than charmed with the restoration of her lover to his throne and personal accomplishments, and soon yields to his solicitations of marriage. At this instant Scander and her two sisters enter, and rejoiced at the tidings of their mutual good fortune, content to their union, and the piece concludes with a grand Persian chorus.

The above piece is a dramatic romance, translated from a French Comedie Ballet, written by Marmonet, called *Zemire and Azor*, which was got up with such success at the Comedie Françoise, in Paris, as to become one of the most favourite entertainments.

Mr. Linley, sen. the musical composer, has paid strict critical attention to his author, and therefore given all the characteristic variety in the airs that the nature of the subject would possibly admit of: some of the airs are very striking, and singularly pleasing: particularly "No flower that blows!"—by Mrs. Baddeley;—and "A wretch like me has nought to dread!"—sung by Mr. Bannister. Likewise an *obbligato* song of Mrs. Baddeley's, accompanied by Mr. Linley, jun. upon the violin, with uncommon taste and execution.

The overture is an excellent composition.

Mr. De Loutherbourg claims no inconsiderable share of merit, in designing the scenery and decorations, which certainly set off the piece to every possible advantage. The decorations and dresses were in general characteristic and superb.

The performers throughout did strict justice to the several characters they had to support.—Mr. Vernon and Mr. Bannister were every thing that could be expected, in the characters of Azor and Scander. Mr. Dodd was very comical and entertaining in Ali. Mrs. Baddeley was beautiful and affecting in Selima. Miss Jarrat looked so lovely in the Fairy, that we regretted she had but a single *entré* at the end of the piece. Miss Collet was here introduced for the first time in a character, whose pleasing person, and sweetness of voice, were generally admired.

The entertainment is said to be written by Sir George Collier, a naval Commander, now on the American station, and was received by a very numerous audience, with universal applause.

The following are the most favourite of the airs, in point of musical, as well as poetical composition.

A I R.

## AIR. Mr. Bannister.

A wretch like me has nought to dread.  
Misfortune makes me brave !  
Wou'd I were number'd with the dead,  
And in the silent grave !  
For why should life be worth our care,  
When hope is sunk in black despair ?

## AIR. Mrs. Baddeley.

No flow'r that blows,  
Is like this rose,  
Or scatters such perfume ;  
Upon my breast,  
Ah ! gently reft,  
And ever ! ever bloom.

Dear pledge to prove  
A parent's love,  
A pleasing gift thou art !  
Come, sweetest flow'r,  
And from this hour  
Live henceforth in my heart !

## AIR. Mr. Vernon.

And has she then fail'd in her faith ?  
The beautiful maid I adore !  
Shall I never again hear her voice ?  
Nor see her lov'd form any more ?  
Ah ! Selima, cruel you prove,  
Yet sure my hard fate you'll bewail ?  
I could not presume you would love,  
Yet pity, I hop'd might prevail !

A moment my sorrows subside,  
Revenge stalks along in my sight ;  
Dread spectre ! how couldst thou intrude ?  
Begone to the realms of black night ?  
Since hatred alone I inspire,  
Life henceforth is not worth my care !  
Death now is my only desire,  
I give myself up to despair !

## A N E C D O T E

## Of a Bishop of WORCESTER.

DOCTOR Hough, some time since bishop of Worcester, who was as remarkable for the evenness of his temper, as for many other good qualities, having a good deal of company at his house, a gentleman present desired his lordship to shew him a curious weather-glass which the bishop had lately purchased, and which cost him above thirty guineas : the servant was accordingly desired to bring it, who in delivering it to the gentleman, accidentally let it fall, and broke it all to pieces. The company were all a little deranged from this accident, but particularly the gentleman that asked to see it, and who was making many apologies for the accident. " Be under no concern, my dear Sir," says the bishop, smiling, " I think it is rather a lucky omen ; we have hitherto had a dry season, and now I hope, we shall have some rain ; for I protest I do not remember ever to have seen the *glass* so low in my life."

## B O N M O T.

A Young clergyman having the misfortune to bury five wives, being in company with a number of ladies, was severely rallied by them upon the circumstance. At last one of them rather impertinently put the question to him, " How he managed to have such good luck ?" " Why, madam," says the other, " I knew they could not live without contradiction, therefore I let them go their own way."

## Of K I N G S.

ARCHIMEDES sitting peaceably on the bank, and drawing without difficulty through the waves a large vessel, represents to us a skilful monarch, governing in his cabinet his vast dominions, and putting every thing in motion, while he seems immovable himself. The greatest kings which history has celebrated, were not brought up to reign: this is a science we never possess less than after having too long learned it, and is acquired better by obeying than commanding.

For a monarchical state to be well governed, it is necessary its size or extent should be proportioned to the faculties of him who governs. It is more easy to conquer than to rule; with a proper lever the world might be moved by a finger; but to sustain it, requires the shoulders of an Hercules.

The talent of reigning consists in a king's maintaining the laws, and in having a thousand ways to make himself beloved. A weak prince obeyed, may punish crimes as well as another. The true statesman knows how to prevent them; it is over the hearts, still more than the actions, that he extends his respectable empire; if he could prevail on every body to do well, he would himself have nothing more to do, and the masterpiece of his labours would be to have the power of remaining idle.

The only praise worthy of a king, is that which makes itself heard, not by the mercenary mouth of an orator, but by the voice of a free people.

When kings no longer disdain to admit into their councils, people the most capable of advising them well; and renounce this old prejudice invented by the pride of the great, that the art of managing the people is more difficult than that of enlight-

ning them, as if it were more easy to engage mankind to do well of their own accord, than to constrain them to it by force; when persons of the most distinguished learning find an honourable asylum in their courts, and obtain there the only recompence worthy of them, that of contributing by their credit to the happiness of the people, whom they have taught wisdom; then only will be seen, what virtue, knowledge, and authority, animated with a noble emulation, and labouring in concert for the happiness of mankind, are capable of doing. But while power is alone on one side, parts and wisdom only on the other, the learned will seldom conceive great matters; princes will more seldom do great actions; and the people will continue vile, corrupt, and unhappy.

## A N E C D O T E

## Of ROCHEFOUCAULT.

ROCHEFOUCAULT (the French Rochester of Lewis the XIVth's court) having offended the king, hired a dung cart, and stripping himself quite naked, got up to the chin in it, just as his majesty was passing through the streets of Paris in state. The dung-cart man, as instructed, immediately fell wrangling with one of the king's portolions, which occasioned so much noise, that the king put his head out of the window to know what was the matter. Rochefoucault watching the opportunity, raised himself forward in the cart, all bemired as he was, and bowing very respectfully to his majesty, replied, "Nothing at all, Sire, but that your Coachman and mine have had a fracas together."

U u u

Sub.

*Submission to Providence, and the Necessity of Trial for the Attainment of Human Perfection, inculcated.*

A MORAL TALE.

ALVIRA, on the birth of Euphronia, requested of the fairy Benevolia, that she would bestow upon her daughter all that a fond mother could request. The fairy, alarm'd at the petition, told her, that such a promise would have the most dangerous consequences, unless her desires were circumscribed by the bounds of wisdom; and that the most effectual means of obtaining the choicest blessings of Heaven was to refer all our wishes to the will of the Deity. I will own to you, added she, that I am allowed to grant your request; but remember that the Most High often permits to mortals the indulgence of their wishes in order to convince them of their folly, in supposing they are the best judges of the means for the attainment of happiness.—Alvira, eagerly inattentive to advice, requests for Euphronia, beauty, an exalted understanding, and a disposition that could not be overcome by temptation, and exults in her own sagacity.—The fairy sighed while she endowed Euphronia, but the mother was wholly engrossed by joy on the gratification of her wishes. Euphronia even in her infantile years, attracted the admiration of every beholder; but, at the age of fifteen, she was universally allowed to be the most perfect workmanship of nature: innumerable worshippers offered the sacrifice of devoted hearts at the shrine of her beauty; the goddess accepted the homage, was pleased with the incense, but despised the votaries; she was equally insensible to the charms of beauty, and to the claims of merit: though her heart was unsubdued by the seduction of

flatterers, her soul disdained to be influenced by the voice of sincerity: incapable of that tenderness which is the distinguishing, the ennobling characteristic of the female sex, she was equally inaccessible to the attacks of libertinism, and unsusceptive of the soft claims of pity: she triumphed in the superiority of immaculate purity, and congratulated herself on the possession of that virtue, which, by the fairy's endowments, was exempted from trial: her exalted understanding supplied food to an insatiable vanity, and influenced her to regard every person with an adequate contempt. Even the rhetoric of her beauty failed to persuade, when it was found to be entirely unaccompanied by the peculiar mental graces of female excellence; and the qualities of the head were deemed insufficient to compensate for the deficiencies of the heart. Neglected by that sex, of whose admiration she had thought herself secure, and despised by both, she condemned her mother's imprudence, who wished she had formed a choice productive of happiness. The good fair, who had not been visible to her since the grant of her request, now appeared before her. Alvira intreated that her daughter might become truly amiable. Benevolia told her Euphronia must then be exposed to trial in her passage through the *vale of life*. If she contemned the attractions of Pleasure, she would be crowned in the temple of *virtue*, and would be convinced, by experience, that the contempt of *pleasure* required the exertion of great fortitude: that this conviction would teach her to pity the deviations of others, on account of the violence of temptations; and, as she could not be a successful traveler and probationer, without supplicating the assistance of the Most High, this reliance would prevent self-

self-exaltation, and refer gratitude to the true source of blessings: that if Euphronia should be awhile seduced by the allurements of pleasure, Alvira must consider thefe as the essential means ued by Providence for her attainment of true perfection, and never repine at the dispensations of the Almighty.—Euphronia, in confequence of her mother's latest petition, now entered upon the dangerous *journey of life*. The fairy did not deprive her of her personal or mental charms, but gave her a disposition leſſ sensible of their influence: she still retained an impatience of controul, to remedy which, Benevoli committed her to the guidance of *Experience*.

Every object now wore a different aspect. *Pleasure*, in every alluring form, invited the enraptured Euphronia to a participation of her bounties. She listened to the Syren's lay, who thus address'd the yielding fair.

Bright Euphronia, come and rove,  
Through the maze of pleasure's  
grove;

View these regions of delight,  
Taste the raptures they excite.  
*Pleasure* here has fix'd her court,  
Here the loves and graces sport:  
Let not pallid fear alarm thee  
Each delight conspires to charm  
thee:

Smiling *hope* thy steps shall lead  
O'er the flow'r-enamell'd mead.  
*Disappointment* ne'er invades  
*Pleasure's* consecrated shades;  
Rigid *Virtue* claims thy stay,  
*Pleasure* summons thee away.  
*Virtue*, solemn care-clad queen,  
Flies the joyous social scene;  
*Virtue's* paths with thorns are spread,  
Here on flow'r's supine we tread:  
Beauty for delight was giv'n;  
Slight not then the gift of heaven.  
See in all these liquid glaſes  
How thy form each nymph's fur-  
passes;

Here each swain, without disguise,  
Yields to thy all-conq'ring eyes:  
Charms like thine were form'd  
t'impair

Sweetest transport to the heart;  
Transport sweet, yet never cloying,  
Bliss that strengthens by enjoying.  
See the birds on every spray!  
Here the soft mellifluous lay!  
Joy expands each tuneful throat,  
Love enlivens every note:  
Hear each dale and every grove  
Echoes to the voice of love:  
Philomel, with sweetest song  
Wooes thee from the gloomy  
throng;

Do not cast a look behind thee,  
Nature to our charge reign'd thee;  
Haste then, join the jocund train;  
Taste the sweets of *Pleasure's* reign.

Euphronia listened to the fascinating sounds, till her soul was entirely overcome by her influence, and she submitted to the dominion of *Pleasure*, without attending to the consequences. But ah! how soon was the bright prospect overcast by the clouds of *Discontent*! the face of pleasure ceased to be veiled in smiles: Horror and Ill-nature lounged upon her brow: but where could the distressed Euphronia apply for refuge? She feared she was become an outcast from *Virtue*, and was ashamed to own her having felt that preference for *Pleasure* which was only due to *Virtue*: her heart undisciplined in the school of misfortune awhile rebelled against its salutary suggestion: she wished to thun reproof; yet reflection, at length, awakened the painful consciousness of having deserved it, and the fairy, in compliance with Alvira's wish, affiſted her resolution of attempting to recover the path of *Virtue*. She quitted the bowers of *Pleasure*, and began the arduous task of ascending the eminence which led to the temple of *Virtue*. She found many asperities in

in the way; and, on casting her eyes around, perceived that those who had first chosen the realms of *Pleasure, Ambition, or Avarice*, had much more difficult roads to the temple of *Virtue*, than those who were only intent on pursuing the path which led to that happy place. Sometimes discouraged by the difficulties which impeded her progress, she cast a wishful look on the groves of *Pleasure*: then, recollecting the miseries her deviation had occasioned, she patiently submitted to the sufferings she had incurred. She had almost attained the summit of the hill, when the fears of being rejected by *Virtue* again assailed her: she prostrated herself on the earth, and supplicated the goddess to accept a penitent sufferer, who wished to seal her peace with heaven: immediately she heard sounds of the most exquisite harmony, and felt her hopes revive on distinguishing the following words:

Daughter of affliction hear,  
*Virtue's* voice salutes thine ear:  
Joyful I behold impreft,  
*Virtue's* image on thy breast.  
Whence these doubts that pale thy  
cheek?  
Sighs expressive! tears that speak?  
*Vice*, in *Pleasure's* bland array,  
Taught thy steps the devious way;  
Glowing expectation fir'd thee:  
Promis'd endless bliss inspir'd thee:  
Where is now each gay delight  
Painted to thy ravish'd sight?  
Soon the flattering dream was o'er,  
Conscience, wak'd, would sleep no  
more!  
Youth, presumptuous, thoughtless,  
vain,  
Slave to pleasure, foe to pain,  
Slights the counsels of the sage,  
Deems their tears the fault of age:  
Fancied safety has bewray'd thee,  
*Pleasure* tempted and betray'd thee.

See! amidst her motly train  
Meagre *Want* and ghastly *Pain*,  
Pale *Despair*, with grief - fwoln  
eye,  
Ever-wakeful *Jealousy*,  
*Envy* with her venom'd sting,  
*Scandal*, always on the wing!  
Turn on *Virtue's* train thine-eyes,  
They alone are truely wise,  
*Vice* deliberates the mind,  
*Virtue* dignifies mankind,  
Joys that far surpasses sense,  
Flows from conscious innocence:  
Joys that elevate the mind,  
Raptures chaste, delights refin'd.  
Heav'n, to purify the heart,  
Wounds it with affliction's dart;  
Then accepts the contrite's prayer,  
And faves in mercy from despair.  
The penitent, her sins forgiven,  
*Virtue's* candidate for heaven.  
Here the arduous conflict ends,  
*Virtue's* path to heav'n ascends.

#### A N E C D O T E

Of Mr. WHISTON.

THE late King being fond of old Whiston, (celebrated for his various strictures on religion) happened to be walking with him one day in Hampton-Court-Gardens, during the heat of his persecution; as they were talking upon this subject, his Majesty observed, "That however right he may be in his opinions, it would be better if he kept them to himself." "Is your Majesty really serious in your advice?" answered the old man. "I really am," replied the king. "Why then," says Whiston, "had Martin Luther been of this way of thinking, where would your majesty have been at this time?"

Of

OF LEGISLATORS.

HE who ventures to undertake forming a nation, must consider himself in a state of changing human nature, and of transforming every individual, who by himself is a perfect whole, into a part of a much greater whole, from which this individual receives, in some measures, his life and being; of altering the constitution of man, to strengthen it; of substituting a partial and moral existence to the physical and independent existence we have all received from nature; in a word, he must take from man his own strength, to give him powers which are foreign to him, and which he cannot make use of without the assistance of others. The more dead and annihilated these natural powers are, the more great and durable are they acquired, and the institution is more lasting and perfect; so that, if every citizen is nothing of himself, and can do nothing except through all the others, and the acquired force is equal through the whole, or superior to the sum of the natural strength of all the individuals, it may be said, that the legislature is arrived at the greatest height of perfection it can possibly attain.

If it is true, that a great prince is uncommon, what must a great legislator be? The first has only to follow the model the other has designed. The one is the mechanic who invents the machine; the other the workman only, who erects and puts it in motion.

The ancient legislators placed their decisions in the mouths of their gods, to draw by the divine authority those whom human prudence could not move. But every man is not capable of making the gods speak, nor of making himself believed, when he declares himself their interpreter. The noble soul of the legislator, is the true miracle which proves his mission. Any one may grave

tables of stone, purchase an oracle, or feign a secret commerce with some divinity; teach a bird to speak in his ear, or find other gross means to impose upon the people. He who knows no more than this, may assemble by accident a band of madmen, but will never found an empire, and his extravagance will soon perish with him. Vain impostures form a transient band only; it is wisdom alone which renders it durable. The Judaic-law, and that of the son of Ishmael, which, for upwards of ten ages, has ruled half the world, proclaim, even at present, the great men who dictated them; and, while proud philosophy, or blind party spirit, sees them in the light of happy impostors only, the true politician admires, in their institutions, that great and powerful genius which presides over lasting establishments.

A people never becomes famous, till its legislature begins to decline. We are ignorant during how many ages the laws of Lycurgus made the Spartans happy, before they came to be talked of in the rest of Greece.

#### BON MOT.

SOME time after the late lord Waldgrave abjured the catholic religion, he was sent ambassador to France, where he resided several years. Being one day at an entertainment where his cousin the duke of Berwick, and many other noblemen were present, the duke wanting to mortify him on the score of religion, asked his lordship, whether the *ministers* of state, or the *ministers* of the gospel, had the greatest share in his conversion!—“Good G—d, my lord duke,” says Waldgrave, “how can you ask me such a question? Do not you know that when I quitted the Roman Catholic religion, *I left off confession?*”

L A W.

## L A W.

**T**O law alone men owe justice and liberty: it is this salutary organ of the will of all, which re-establishes in its right the natural equality between men. It is this celestial voice, that dictates to every citizen the precepts of public reason, and teaches him to act according to the maxims of his own judgment, and not in contradiction to himself. It is this also alone, which rulers should make speak when they command; for as soon, as independent of the laws, one man pretends to make another subservient to his private pleasure; he that instant departs from the civil state, and places himself, in the pure state of nature, where obedience is never prescribed but from necessity.

When the law is abused, it serves at once as an offensive weapon to the powerful, and a buckler against the weak; and the pretence of the public good is always the most dangerous scourge of the people. The most necessary, and perhaps the most difficult thing in government, is a rigid integrity in doing justice to all, and especially in protecting the poor against the tyranny of the rich. The greatest mischief has already happened, when there are poor to defend, and rich men to restrain; the laws exert their whole force on mediocrity only, they are equally useless against the treasures of the rich, and the misery of the poor; the first eludes them, the second escapes them; the one breaks the fuses, the other passes through them. Every condition imposed on each one by all, cannot be burthensome to any particular; and the worst laws are far better than the best masters; for every master has partialities; the laws has none at all.

Liberty always follows the fate of the laws; it reigns or perishes with them.

The more laws are multiplied, the more despicable they are rendered. It is introducing other abuses, without correcting the first; and all the overseers that are appointed, are only new transgressors, destined to partake with the old, or pillage separately from them. The reward of virtue soon becoming that of robbery; the most vile people are the most in authority; the greater they are, the more despicable they become, and are dishonoured by their honours. If they purchase the voices of the leading people, or the protection of the women, it is to sell in their turn justice, their duty, and the state; the people not seeing that their vices are the first cause of their misfortunes, murmur and bewail themselves, crying, *all our misfortunes proceed from those whom we pay to protect us from necessity.*

In a government, in which the police is good, no exemption from the law should be ever granted to any title whatever; even the citizens, who have deserved well of their country, should be rewarded with honours, but never with privileges. For the public is at the brink of ruin, as soon as any one thinks he has a right not to obey the laws.

## R E P A R T E E.

**S**OME years ago doctor Arne produced an operetta at Covent-Garden theatre, called the *Rose*, which (though there were many scriptural allusions in it) was hissed off the stage the first night. Foote getting into the lobby of the house just after its fate, was asked by an acquaintance what he really thought of it. "Why, abating the *pique* of it, says the wit, I must confess I never saw a piece so justly *damned* in my life."

THE

THE following *Jeu d'Esprit* was the production of the present Dean of Derry, Dr. Barnard, who advanced in conversation with Sir Joshua Reynolds and other wits, that he thought "no man could improve when he was past the age of forty-five. Johnson, who was in company, immediately turned round to the facetious Dean, and told him that he was an instance to the contrary, for that there was great room for improvement in him (the Dean) and wished he had set about it; upon which, the Dean the next day sent the following elegant begatelle to Sir Joshua Reynolds and the same company: If you think it worth your inserting, I may venture to say it will please many of your Readers, and among the rest

Your humble servant,

REGULUS SECUNDUS.

To Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS  
and Co. By the DEAN of DERRY.

I Lately thought no man alive,  
Coul'd e'er improve past forty-five,  
And ventur'd to assert it;  
The obseruation was not new,  
But seem'd to me so just and true,  
That none cou'd controvert it.

"No, Sir," says Johnson, " 'tis  
not so,

That's your mistake, and I can shew,  
An instance, if you doubt it;  
You, Sir, who are near forty-eight,  
May much improve, 'tis not too  
late,

I wish you'd set about it."

Encourag'd thus to mend my faults,  
I turn'd his council in my thoughts,  
Which way I shou'd apply it;

Learning and wit seem'd past my  
reach,

For who can learn when none will  
teach!

And wit—I could not buy it;  
Then come my friends, and try your  
skill,

You can inform me if you will,  
(My books are at a distance.)

With you I'll live and learn, and  
then

Instead of books, I shall read men,  
So lend me your assistance.

Dear\* *Knight of Plympton*, teach me  
how

To suffer with unruffled brow,

And smile serene like thine;  
The jest uncouth, or truth severe,

To such I'll turn my deafest ear,  
And calmly drink my wine.

Thou say'st not only, skill is gain'd  
But genius too may be attain'd,

By studious imitation;

Thy temper mild, thy genins fine,  
I'll copy till I make thee mine,

By constant application.

Thy art of pleasing, teach me, Gar-  
rick,

Thou'rt who severest odes Pindaria,  
A second time read o'er;

Oh! cou'd we read thee backwards  
too

Last thirty years thou shouldest  
review,

And charm us thirty more.

If I have thoughts, and can't express  
e'm,

Gibbons shall teach me how to dress  
e'm

In terms select and terse;

Jones teach me modesty and Greek,  
Smith how to think, Bruke how to  
speak,

And Beauclerc to converse.

Let Johnson teach me how to  
place,

In fairest light each borrow'd grace;

From him I'll learn to write;

Copy his clear familiar stile,  
And from the roughness of his file,

Grow like himself—polite.

\* Sir Joshua Reynolds.

† Garrick being asked to read Cumberland's Odes, laughed immoderately, and affirmed that such stuff might as well be read backwards as forwards, and the witty Rofcious accordingly read them in that manner, and wonderful to relate! produced the same good sense and poetry as the sentimental Author ever had genius to write.

## REASONS against, and RULES to prevent, immoderate Sorrow.

## I.

Reasons why a CHRISTIAN should not give way to Grief or Anxiety.

1st. BECAUSE it "betrays want of faith in the promises of the gospel," which offers remedies for every evil.

2d. And want of faith in the providence of a God, who rules the world with unerring wisdom and goodness.

3d. Because we may be good, and do our duty in every condition, and whatever befalls us.

4th. Because we may make an advantage of, and turn to good, every thing that befalls us. | Rom. viii. 28.

5th. Because trouble and anxiety make every sad accident a double evil, and contentedness makes it none at all.

6th. Because what we judge an evil may be sent to occasion and produce our greatest joy.

7th. Because evil is natural to our present mortal state, and therefore to be expected, as it is profitable, &c.

## II.

## RULES to preserve the CHRISTIAN from doing so.

1st. KNOW your duty, and be careful to do it.

2d. Labour to distinguish between your own duty and that of another man.

3d. Consider what is in your own power, and what is not.

4th. In the doing of your duty make a prudent choice of the fittest means.

5th. Be not solicitous about events, when you have used all prudent means.

6th. Consider your own sufficiency, and undertake no more than is fitting for you.

7th. Consider, before you act, the consequences of every action.

8th. Compare what you have not with what you have, and see which is of most value. Compare the want of the things you possess, with the want of the things you possess not.

9th. Compare yourself with all men, not with a few; and with the whole condition of those few, not with some part of it. Look beneath you, not above you, in life.

10th. Count nothing certain which is without *yourself*.

11th. What is without you, the world, &c. keep so, out of your heart as much as possible.

12th. Do not promise yourself that which God never promised you.

13th. Have an humble and lowly opinion of yourself.

14th. Labour to understand the true nature and value of every thing.

15th. Have but one end, and bring all things to that. "Reduce yourself to a simplicity in acting."

16th. As but one end, so have but one rule, or principle, in acting; or always will and not will the same things, even those which the gospel commands and prohibits.

These rules, observed and attended to, which suppose the use of prayer, meditation, faith in Christ, and all religious exercises, will save the soul from much causeless and distressful trouble, especially if what Christ hath done and will do for us be continually proposed as the great balm of comfort to the afflicted soul.

An ACCOUNT of a new TRAGEDY called SEMIRAMIS, performed for the first Time on Saturday Evening last, at Drury-lane Theatre.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Ninias, Mr. Smith; Assures, Mr. Bentley; Oroes, Mr. Reddib; Mithranes, Mr. Griff; Ghost of Ninus, Mr. Hurst. Semiramis, Mrs. Yates; Azema, Mrs. Reddib. Guards, Magi, &c.

Scene, BABYLON.

THE present tragedy of Semiramis is evidently a translation from a French piece of the same title, by the celebrated Voltaire, written avowedly on the English model, to try the effect such a dramatic production would have on a parifian audience. In this imitation, he had his eye on the immortal Shakespeare; and yet with this bright star to conduct, and cause at least an imitative inspiration, he could not help chilling his Semiramis with some of those certain situations so truly characteristic of French frigidity, and which are even to be met with in their first rate tragedies. Voltaire's ghost of Ninus, founded on that of Shakespeare's Royal Dane, is a proof to what little purpose this pseudo-critic has studied his great original. The perturbed spirit of the murdered Hamlet appears first at midnight to two officers of the guards near the palace walls; and on its second appearance the next night at the same awful hour, it waves his son apart within a close recess, and there imparts to him in awful secrecy, the dreadful tale of murder and of incest! — Its after-appearance in the Queen's chamber, when Hamlet has been "harrowing up his mother's soul," is seen only by the son, the purposed, and sworn avenger of his wrongs; while the Queen, though the base perpetrator of the cruel deed, and though repeatedly invoked by her

son to look upon the awful vision, is admirably prevented from seeing it by Shakespeare's superior judgment, who well knew, that such an interview would push the scene beyond the pale of probability, and thereby expose one of his finest tragic situations, perhaps to universal ridicule.

Voltaire, however, with this model of true genius before him, in defiance even of all laws of superstition, fancy, or nature on this supernatural point, brings his Ghost of Ninus most absurdly before the whole temple, even at noon-day, crowded with the Princes and Magi of Babylon; to which he familiarly introduces them all, and with whom many of them are made to hold the most unnatural and ridiculous converse.

The English author of Saturday evening, (Capt. Ayscough, of the Guards) struck, no doubt, with this glaring impropriety in the original, has corrected it, by making Ninus's shade appear only to his wife, his son, and the high priest, at the mouth of the tomb; an alteration that furnishes a situation much more natural and striking. He has likewise made Assures fall by the hand of Ninus before his father's shrine, in strict poetical justice to the insulted manes of his murdered sire, and the commands of the oracle of Jupiter Ammon; instead of his being tamely sent off by the young Prince's orders according to Voltaire, to be executed by his guards out of the sight of the incensed, and interested audience.—These, with some judicious transpositions of a few scenes, together with some necessary curtailments of others, are the only variations from the original we could perceive; but they are of themselves so important, in our opinion, as to make Semiramis capable now of interesting even a British audience, who otherwise must have yawned

over it in its ill arranged garb of French frippery.

The language is dramatic throughout; preserving perhaps a too equal flight; this we may venture to attribute to the diffidence of the translator, who too modestly confined himself to the trammels of his original, when his own genius might here and there perhaps have soared to superior heights.

Upon the whole, the English poet has done at least justice to Voltaire; and therefore, from this first essay of his dramatic abilities, the stage may expect, in some future composition, a piece of original merit, unassisted by the weakest of all possible supports—the sandy foundation of a French fable. The tragedy was received throughout with the most flattering-marks of approbation and applause. It was preceded by a pretty apologetical prologue by the author, and spoken by Mr. Reddish, addressed to the ladies, intreating their smiles on a son of Mars, who dreaded no artillery but their frowns;—and to his brother officers, assuring them, that after the event of this dramatic essay, he would return to the fasces and gorget, if they would not deem him a deserter from the corps. An epilogue of the serious cast, written by Mr. Sheridan, was spoken very feelingly by Mrs. Yates; it turned on a sweet thought, that of retiring when the heart melts in pity to fictitious woes, and finding out real objects, on which to pour the balm of pity and compassion—and not instantly dispel those laudable sorrows by a force upon nature: the simile of the rose sympathetically drooping with the tears of nature, and of night, till next day noon, was most elegantly applied.

The performers discovered in general every mark of attention in the discharge of their duty, and well deserved the plaudits they received. Mrs. Yates was singularly great and

powerful in the character of Semiramis. Her looks, her voice, her action, all bespeak the grand Babylonian Empress! Her high disdain of the aspiring Assires,—her charming oratorical address to her subjects from the throne,—her princely discovery of her rising passion for Arses before he stood confessed her son, and the repentant horror she displayed upon that fatal discovery, were variations that must stamp her fame, and give her superiority in this line over all the actresses in the world! Her robes were magnificently royal indeed, and her head-dress, by an elegant disposition of a black-feather at the ground of some white ones, was the most superb and striking we ever beheld.

We are sorry to be under the necessity of joining in the general opinion, that Mrs. Reddish is unqualified for the part of Azema; but what could justify the brutality of the treatment she received from the galleries, we cannot divine.—In the name of decorum, did Miss Younge conceive this part beneath her?—

Mr. Smith was capital in Ninias, particularly in that convulsive scene of horror, where he returns amidst the incessant glare of lightening, from the murder of his royal mother in his father's tomb;—but we thought he somewhat overplayed it at last, by a rather unnatural prolongation of his mental phrenzy.—Mr. Bensley never came so forward on the tragic canvas, in our opinion, as he did last night in the short part of Assires;—he was the sensible, crafty, ambitious statesman throughout; and it is a pity, if but in compliment to the actor, the outline of this character had not been more attentively filled up: indeed, in our opinion, it would have been no disadvantage to the piece.—Mr. Reddish was as great in Oroes as could possibly be expected.—Mr. Hurst was rather

rather too sententiously ghostly in the shade of Ninus, and his habit bespoke more the Egyptian shepherd, than that of Babylon's departed monarch.

The dresses and decorations in general, are characteristic and superb.—The scenery is very good; the drop curtain of a long Assyrian colonade is very fine, and the effect from the gradation regular, and the termination of the perspectives, striking, and noble.—In short, the whole play is got up agreeable to those liberal sentiments, which seem hitherto to have marked the administration of the present young manager.

From Melmoth's *Liberal Opinions.*

Vol. V. just published.

**T**HE following paper written by a lady, was found several years ago by Mr. Draper, a friend of Benignus, as he was strolling in St. James's-park, who put it into the hands of Benignus for his perusal :

— “Praise be to the benignity of heaven ! my fortune is not great, but my frugality is in proportion to it, and hence it is that my cup is full and my heart satisfied. And yet are there not some sad disproportions ; do we not see them, do we not feel them ? What is to be done by those who are born only to walk about a wide world without a friend ? To what resources shall such unfortunate retreat ? Shall they beg ? Let them beware of the beadle. Shall they borrow ? Let them dread the prifon. Shall they steal their own necessaries from the superflux of another ? Let them tremble at the halter. Must they, really, notwithstanding, exist ? Is self-murder the crime against which the everlasting hath fixed his canon ?

Alas ! what course—what honest course is to be taken ? Could nature have contrived no method to have satisfied the desires, and want of her poorest children without their finding a succedaneum in criminal or illicit expedients ? Could she have made no constitutional distinctions, proportioned to the scarceness of circumstances ? Was it not possible to edge the palate of poverty only for the herbs of the field, the flowers of the forest, and the nectar of the running water ? No : it appears not. Not a single link in the great chain that binds us to one another—that chain, which, descending from heaven to earth, is properly the cæsus of society, the girdle that binds the individual to the species—not a single link of this must be broken. The mechanism of providence intricate yet regular, may not be entangled, or injured, by the fantastical alterations of innovating man. What then is to be done ? Hath nature given being to any thing on purpose to torment it—given it eyes, to see that elegance which it may not share ; wants, which though perceived shall not be gratified ; appetites, which solicit in vain ; and feelings which are to be disappointed : hath she, like an improvident parent, bestowed life, without the ordinary means of contrivance for its continuity ? Then should we with justice, refuse to offer praises to the power from whom we have received no benefits.

But is this really, at any time, the case ? Ah no : Truth, with a simile, utters a sentiment the farthest possible. Far be such propense barbarity from the more hospitable designs of our governor ?

—Praise be to the benignity of nature ! where wealth is denied, behold how liberally she gives the proper equivalents ; hands to toll—

head to project—spirits to persevere, or talents to entertain. Into the arms of the indigent she hath put strength, muscles more vigorous, form more athletic, or else she allots an advantageous versatility,—a brain prolific—a soul for enterprise, or some other capacity of providing for the exigencies of the day. All, or any of these, produce proper supplies. Happy in my own situation, doth the sigh heave, and the tear fall for the difficulty in which my fancy represents the cottager involved? Hath the God of nature refused her benignity to him? Here truth again settles the point agreeable to the benignity of providence. Congratulate, faith she, the labourer, upon the bread that is to be earned only by the sweat of his brow: from his wants arise at once his virtues and his joys. Consider well what those joys produce.

They produce health, who diets upon the ears of the sheaf, that he may snore at night upon the stalks, formed without difficulty into a bed of tranquillity. The sun, it is true, scorches: but then the poor man is seasoned to it, and while he 'sweats in the eye of Phœbus,' he stoops to the exercise of the sickle, whistles cheerily in his progress, and tells blithly to his companions the story of his last frolic. It must be owned, likewise, that the rain often invades him at his work; but then it must be considered that the hedgees are generally contiguous, and when they are not, the passing shower is grateful to the heated husbandman. I will not deny the coarseness of his raiment; but then it is the warmer upon that account. His food also is far from being delicate; but yet it is for that very reason the more wholesome.

The sun hath just made his 'gol-

den set' in the west: the hours of labour are over. Now then look at the cottager. The sickle is laid across his shoulder: his eldest boy trudges after him with the gleanings of pastime in the one hand, and the emptied scrip in the other: his watch-dog, taught to keep the clothes from the pilfering fingers of the vagabond, trots, pleased with his servitude, before him: the zephyrs of the evening bestow the gradual coolness; and the song of the nightingale attends him over the lees. Truth cannot yet be persuad-ed to leave him: let us attend then to the finishings of her picture.

The husbandman is now within sight of his shed; he is this minute plucking the latch of his straw-built cottage. The housewife hath left her wheel, and the children of this prolific matron are playing the gambols of infancy upon the plain, clean, brick floor: the father's kiss echoes upon every lip; the nurse's nonsense sinks the sweet dimple in every face; the little ones, for the sake of company, as well as convenience, lie socially together: the parents retire to the embraces of each other. What of that? he only piques himself upon the addition of his family, dandles the suckling upon his knee at his return from work, melts into tears as it reposes on the bosom of the mother, and only works the harder to maintain it.

But, as the eternal scale is for ever turned by the angel of indulgence, let me end as I began.

Praise be to the benignity of providence: it is to that we owe the felicities of earth. Who is he that can look round him, and still be a murderer? who is he that can accept the blessings on every side presented to him, yet cease to be virtuous? Praise be to the benignity of providence, world without end.

Extract from *BEDUKAH, or the SELF-DEVOTED.*

*An Indian Pastoral.*

IT is a custom among the Gentoos, a tribe of Indians on the coast of Coromandel in the East Indies, for the woman to burn themselves along with the bodies of their deceased husbands, in order to accompany them in the other world; and though none are absolutely obliged to comply with this dreadful ceremony, yet as those who refuse are ever after accounted infamous and dishonourable, and as their priests (the Bramins) are always near at hand to urge and encourage them to undergo these fiery trials, the infatuated victims generally submit and meet their fate with apparent composure and even cheerfulness. A transaction of this kind, is the subject of the present Poem, which the author, Mr. Irwin, has divided into three cantos. In the first canto, Lycon an European gentleman going out a hunting, des-cries the self-devoted Bedukah marching in solemn procession, accompanied by the Bramins and her friends. The second canto contains an affecting dialogue between Bedukah and her mother, on their approaching the awful spot. And the third canto sums up the catastrophe, in setting fire to the funeral pile, and consuming the body.

The second canto is selected as a specimen of this performance.

BRIGHT Phœbus now emerging from the main,  
Had shot his lustre o'er the crowded plain,  
When young Bedukah (such the victim's name  
Which here the muse ambitions gives to fame)  
Hapless arriving at her journey's end,  
Does calmly graceful from her steed descend:

Slow to the pile she walks with conscious pride,  
Then gently turning casts her veil aside.  
O could the poet, like the painter, dare  
Conceal the aspect of his suffering fair,  
As o'er Atrides' griefs a shade was thrown,  
Bedukah's beauties never had been known.  
But truth and innocence his art command,  
Inspire his fancy, and confirm his hand.  
From soul to soul then soft amazement flew,  
And glishten'd ev'ry cheek with pity's dew.  
Affecting sight! for o'er her destin'd head  
Not fifteen years with downy wings had fled:  
Not fifteen years her eyes had view'd the light,  
Those orbs now sinking to eternal night!  
Her slender form was fraught with beauty's power;  
But beauty waiting her meridian hour.  
In purest white her faultless limbs were dress'd,  
A silver girdle, and a muslin vest:  
One breast was slighty hid, one half-display'd,  
Which wild with youthful blood, luxuriant play'd.  
Naked her arm, but where the bracelet shone,  
Where lustre darted from each orient stone.  
Her jetty locks with richest pearl were strung,  
And from her nose a matchless diamond hung,  
Clear as the crystal of her glossy eye,  
And seeming with its brightest beams to vie.

Just

Just to the knee her floating garment fell,  
Which ill conceal'd the limbs harmonious swell;  
And still the wind, assisted by her pace,  
Betray'd some beauty, and some latent grace.  
With solemn gesture, and an aspect kind,  
Which spoke a resolute yet tender mind,  
She paid obeisance to th' attentive crowd.  
Then lowly to her weeping mother bow'd:  
The mother trembling by her darling's side,  
Flew to her bosom, and thus fondly cry'd:  
"Ah, lov'd Bedukah! lov'd, alas,  
in vain!  
If from affection this my promis'd gain!  
This the reward of all my tender care,  
For rapture, anguish! and for hope, despair!  
Was it for this with conscious pride  
I glow'd,  
And bathful bare about the pleasing load?  
Was it for this that Hymen gaily smil'd,  
His torch a meteor that deceiv'd my child!  
Curl'd be the hour thy beauties knew  
the light,  
But doubly curs'd the matrimonial rite.  
Would I had' scap'd a mother's thankless pains,  
Or thou been deaf to love's seducing strains.  
O vain repinings! unavailing heat!  
With motion scarce my feeble pulses beat;  
My aged knees can scarce these limbs sustain,  
While sorrows weigh me to the dusty plain.

Ah yet, Bedukah! yet consent to live,  
And life and spirit to thy parent give.  
Canst thou behold her sinking to the grave,  
And not stretch out thy pitying hand to save?  
Canst thou?—recall the sentance ere too late?  
On thy resolve depends my dubious fate:  
Thy mother swears her fate is in thy pow'r,  
Whether she live, or this her latest hour:  
The moment dread that gives thee to the flame,  
Devotes to ruin her decrepit frame:  
If this the legacy thy love bequeath,  
With thee united she will welcome death,  
O blest event! O change for ever dear!  
Good bodes that figh, and that repentant tear,  
Bedukah's hand the trembling parent shields,  
And all the daughter to affection yields?  
Yes, yes, my love, far hence we will retire,  
Far from this country, and this ravenous pyre?  
Far from the place where this fell custom reigns,  
Where innocence is doom'd to fiery pains.  
To some lone desert we will shape our way,  
Leave men for savages more mild than they.  
Then come, my child—nor friend nor foe will dare  
To vent their malice, and pursue us there:  
No priest shall there to broach his mandates stand,  
Nor scandal hunt us thro' the dreary land,

Thy

Thy father too, whom heav'n propitious send  
Loaded with treasures to his journey's end,  
With heart-felt rapture shall applaud the voice  
Which foot'd thy scruples, and made life thy choice.  
He, with his fortunes, eagerly shall haste,  
And snatch us from the horrors of the waite;  
To some new clime our weary feet remove,  
And peace and joy in our endearments prove.  
So said the mourner, and had further said,  
But now her tongue to utterance is dead:  
Contending passions all her soul opp'res,  
And now she hopes, and now she doubts success;  
Till in despair she casts her eyes below,  
And groans, and looks a spectacle of woe.  
Nor bare Bedukah a less trying part,  
Her mother's words had deeply pierc'd her heart:  
The dread reslove of one she held so dear,  
Woke the keen pang, and forc'd the tender tear.  
But still, whate'er her sadden'd looks expres,  
She rose superior, as arose distress:  
With solemn grace her mother's hand she took,  
And thus address'd her with a soften'd look:  
And lives the mother at whose breast I hung,  
To use in vain her supplicating tongue?  
Am I so cruel and rebellious grown,  
To hear, unmov'd, her melancholy moan?  
To soothe her sorrows with a fruitless tear,

And in my purpose still to persevere!  
O! shake this weakness from thy tender breast,  
Forget a wretch thy kindness should detest.  
Sooner the tyger shall with pity glow,  
Rude rocks be soften'd at the plaint of woe;  
The tempest cease, when houseless vagrants plead,  
Than stubborn virtue from her path recede.  
Tho' terror, peril, rain, bar the way,  
When virtue calls, her votaries obey:  
Obey with joy, as her decrees require,  
To Hymen's altar, or the fun'ral pyre:  
To the dear youth eternal truth to swear,  
Or here to find a wish'd release from care.  
Yes, fondest object of my aching heart,  
Bedukah joins thee, ne'er again to part:  
Lo! here she stands her plighted faith to prove,  
Nor deems the sacrifice too great for love.  
O! yet with-hold thy passage to the skies.  
My foul in extacy with thine would rise:  
One moment gives me to th' insatiate flame,  
In death unites us, and unites in fame.—  
And thou, dear author of my life, adieu?  
These streaming eyes must take their parting view:  
On me no more shall smile that honour'd face,  
These looks our last! and this our last embrace!

Tho'

Tho' nature pleads, and human  
weaknes feels,  
A voice divine my doom terrific  
seals.  
Say, with what views futurity is  
fraught,  
(Cruel to speak, and horrible to  
thought !  
How lost to hope ! how lost my  
honest name !  
Should I consent to lead a life of  
shame.  
An husband's fate should I refuse  
to share,  
He to his bosom takes a kinder  
fair :  
False to my love, he falsehood shall  
requite,  
And shun my steps in regions of  
delight.  
If dark and dismal then the prospect  
there,  
What here remains but horror and  
despair ?  
Cast from the seat my former title  
gave,  
The widow'd mistres must become  
the slave.  
The mere idea worse than death  
appears—  
To barter honour for a length of  
years !  
Escap'd from calumny's resistless  
tide,  
Allow some foreign clime my shame  
might hide ;  
No solitude the sting of guilt dis-  
arms,  
Nor lenient time, nor e'en a moth-  
er's arms.  
And thou, whose love this abject  
step advis'd,  
Couldst thou carefs a coward so de-  
pis'd ?  
Who could so low thro' fear of  
death descend,  
And meanly live, to shun a glorious  
end !  
O ! let me die while to thy bosom  
dear,  
Nor meet a father's brow and curse  
severe ;

While youth and love and fame un-  
spotted bloom,  
Thro' tort'ring flames Bedukah seeks  
the tomb.

## A N E C D O T E

Of the late DUCHESS OF

## NORTHUMBERLAND.

MR. Gray, the elegant author of *The Elegy in a Country Church Yard*, being in London, before his promotion to Modern History in the University of Cambridge, and when his circumstances were so cramp't that he could indulge himself in very few gratifications, went with a friend to a private sale of books, in which the lots were very large ; amongst the rest, there was a very elegant book-case, filled with an excellently chosen collection of the best editions of the French classics, handsomely bound, the price one hundred guineas : Mr. Gray had a great longing for this lot, but could not afford to buy it ; the conversation between him and his friend, was overheard by the duchess of Northumberland, who knowing the other gentleman, took an opportunity to ask who his friend was. She was told it was the celebrated Gray. Upon their retiring, she bought the book-case and its contents, and sent it to Gray's lodgings, with a note, importing, that she was ashamed of sending so small an acknowledgement for the infinite pleasure she had received in reading the Elegy in a country Church-yard ;—of all others her favourite poem.

As





## SUMMER.

As there cannot be a finer description of Summer, than Thomson has given us in his elegant poem of the Seasons, we have chosen a part of it as a lively explanation of our Engraving which accompanies it.

## S U M M E R.

(With a Copper-Plate annexed.)

FROM brightening fields of ether fair disclos'd,  
Child of the sun, resplendent Summer comes,  
In pride of youth, and felt through nature's depth :  
He comes attended by the sultry hours,  
And ever-fanning breezes on his way ;  
While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring  
Averts her balful face ; and earth and skies,  
All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.  
Hence let me haste into the mid-wood shade,  
Where scarce a sun-beam wanders thro' the gloom ;  
And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink  
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak  
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,  
And sing the glories of the circling year.  
Come, inspiration ! from thy hermit-seat,  
By mortal seldom found : may fancy dare  
From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance  
Shot on surrounding heav'n, to steal one look.

Creative of the poet, every power  
Exalting to an ecstasy of soul.  
When now no more, th' alternate twin are fir'd,  
And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,  
Short is the doubtful empire of the night ;  
And soon, observant of approaching day,  
The meek-ey'd morn appears, mother of dews,  
At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east :  
'Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow ;  
And from before the lustre of her face,  
White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step  
Brown night retires : young day pours in apace.  
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.  
The dripping rock, the mountain's milky top  
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.  
Blue, thro' the dusk, the smoaking current shone ;  
And from the bladed field the fearful hare  
Limps awkward : while along the forest-glade  
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze  
At early passenger. Music awakes  
The native voice of undissimbled joy ;  
And thick around the woodland hymns arise,  
Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves  
His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells ;  
And from the crowded fold, in order drives  
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

*An Extract from THE DEVIL.*

## A POETICAL ESSAY.

THE following lines are selected as a specimen of this piece :

“ Let not their foolish creed prevail,  
Who think the Devil hath a tail ;  
A mouth, which like a furnace  
glows,  
Blue brimstone flaming through his  
nose ;  
With many other idle lies,  
Horns, cloven-feet, and saucer eyes.  
A monster, thus in horrors cloth'd,  
By every woman must be loth'd ;  
And, should he range the whole crea-  
tion,  
Not one would yield to his tempta-  
tion.  
E'en Bestia, old, deform'd, and  
lew'd,  
Would fly his arms, a rigid prude.  
Far other, if I rightly ween,  
The gallant Belzebub is seen ;  
A charming youth, with curls and  
laces,  
Drest by the hands of loves and  
graces.  
While Satan, worst of deadly sinners,  
Shines forth in petticoat and pinners ;  
With brow more smooth than babes  
new-born,  
Though the good husband wears a  
horn :  
Yet what the dreaming bigots say  
Affords a moral to this lay.

‘ With beauty's, outward form  
combin'd,  
‘ A monster dwells in many a mind ;  
‘ Where man, by brutal paſſion  
stain'd  
‘ Become what priests and painters  
feign'd.  
‘ While hapless damsels, fond to  
win him,  
‘ Too late perceive the devil in  
him,  
‘ And headlong youths their wishes  
fix'd  
‘ A smiling, false, infernal vixen.’

From hence we clearly understand,  
How men, without a foot of land,  
And wives, to whom a niggard  
spouse

For pins a scanty sum allows,  
Without the aid of India's mine,  
Like Mercury and Venus shine :  
For deamons, princes of the air,  
Although no earthly wealth they  
share.

Own all those plains, where stars  
unfold

The treasures of celestial gold ;  
Whence, as some ancient poets tell,  
Jove in a golden torrent fell.

Ye gen'rous youths ! with lib'ral  
hearts,

Who scorn the base impostor's arts ;  
And ye, chaste nymphs ! who,  
while ye smile,

Use no deceit, and fear no guile ;  
Let not these moral strictures vex  
The honest pride of either sex.  
Though wily daemons may assume  
The manly air and female bloom ;  
In real woman man is sure,  
And she may rest in him secure.  
They only are deceiv'd, whose  
hands,

Are join'd with unrelenting bands,  
Ere, by the proofs which wisdom  
guide,

The bridegroom's known, and knows  
the bride ;

Ill-trusting to a face and dress,  
For dear domestic happiness.

Lovers, in former days refin'd  
Search'd for the beauties of the  
mind ;

But thought that souls, distinct from  
matter,

(For so did schools our species  
flatter,)

Percht on a point did ne'er expand  
One line below the pineal gland.

This system necessarily led  
All fond researches to the head ;

While hearts, secure from sensual  
passions,

Were guarded by the age's fashions :  
Hence

Hence ruffs, hard starch'd, forbade  
a kifs,  
'Till wedlock sanctified the bliss.  
And our good parents' muffled loves,  
Woo'd with their hands well-cas'd  
in gloves.  
But if, as Mathew Prior shews,  
Pert Alma skips from head to toes,  
Well may a fiend that space abide in,  
And lurking, choose some nook to  
hid in;  
Where, safely lodg'd, th' infidous  
gueſt  
May ſlip into kind Alma's breast.  
Or, if as ſubtle ſophs agree,  
Deep ſkill'd in notes of harmony.  
The foul, full cunningly deviz'd,  
Is matter finely organiz'd;  
Superior to the harp that plays  
When juſtly tun'd to ſolar rays;  
If various pipes convey ſenſations,  
Breathing unnumber'd variations.  
Sure through these pipes, the fiend  
may find

An open paſſage to the mind.  
So rats obscene, at hunger's call,  
Through gutters haunt a mansion's  
wall.

But a late ſage, in nature wise,  
A fourth hypothefis supplies:  
Who, worn with ſtudy, to ſupport  
His ſpirits drank his pint of port,  
Thus reas'ning:—'Nature's works  
produce,  
' By ſimpleſt means, their deſtin'd  
use;  
' But flesh when organiz'd, I ween,  
' Would prove a moſt perplext  
machine.  
' And how can objects give the  
breast  
' Thoſe feelings which they ne'er  
poſſeſſ'd?  
' Or ſhall we ſay, a poignard ſmarts  
' Merely by ſeparating parts?  
' An inn, more eaſily design'd,  
' Hath all the properties of mind:  
' Some ſpacious, as thoſe piles  
which ſtand

' In Marlborouſh, Staines, and  
Speanam Land;  
' Fitted with elegance and neatneſs,  
' To hold nobility and greatneſs;  
' But horſes prance, and chaſte  
juſtle,  
' And maſters ſcold, and ſervants  
buſtle;  
' Juſt types of that internal flurry,  
' Which dooms the great to noife  
and hurry.  
' Others, like inns in Brentford-  
ſtreet,  
' Where whores, and thieves, and  
robbers meet,  
' Reſemble many a mental cell,  
' Where luſt, floſh, rage, and malice  
dwell.  
' Though goats and hogs, and wolves  
and toads,  
' Would beſt denote theſe foul  
abodes;  
' Yet painted maidens often win  
' Uncautious youths to enter in;  
' And falſe St. George tempts girls  
from waggons,  
' To draughts more foul than blood  
of dragons.'

Thus, wedding in the vale of age,  
Argu'd this philofophic ſage;  
And ere the tempting bowl he  
quaff'd,  
First tasting, ſipp'd the reeking  
draught:  
Nor did, with lazy faith, depend,  
Like Sporus, on a tasting friend.  
Others, full wary in their choice,  
Are guided by the public voice;  
Secure of happiness, when bleiſ'd  
With her whom happy crowds  
poſſeſſ'd.  
Hence Macro deck'd his bridal  
bower  
With Covent-garden's sweetest  
flower;  
And mocks thoſe fools, who, blind-  
fold led,  
Take untry'd devils to their bed.

*Humanity and Compassion rewarded.*

**A**fter what manner compassion and mercy does sometimes meet with unexpected rewards, is prettily represented by Urfintus Vellius, in a story which the ingenious Mr. Robertson of York has paraphrased in his agreeable volume of poems.

Unknowing and unknown to fame,  
An honest clown—Dorus his name,  
With fraudulent line and baited hook,  
Near the sea shore his station took,  
In hopes the cravings to supply  
Of a large helpless family :  
But fortune, who her favour sheds  
Seldom upon deserving heads,  
On Dorus glanc'd with scornful  
spite ;  
No prize—not ev'n a single bite.  
Tir'd with ill-luck, he now despairs,  
And for a hungry home prepares :  
When, to his joy and great sur-  
prise,  
He feels a fish of monstrous size :  
(So flatters smiling hope)—when,

—  
Fortune again appears his foe ;  
He drags on shore, with cautious  
pull—

A fish !—Ah no—a human skull ;  
A ghastly and forbidding treat,  
Improper food for him to eat :  
What can he do ? shall he again  
Commit his captive to the main ?  
But here humanity prevails,  
And piety his heart assails :  
“ Who knows,” cries Dorus, with  
a sigh,  
(A heart-sprung tear in either eye)  
“ But this might once a portion be  
Of some poor spouse or sire like  
me ;

On whose endeavours a large brood  
Of little ones might hang for food ;  
Shipwreck'd, perhaps, in sight of  
land,  
Or murder'd by some villain's hand :  
My duty and my feelings too  
Strongly evince what I should do ;

The kindness which to him I show,  
Perhaps to others I may owe.”

—So said, away the skull he bears,  
And in the woods a grave prepares :  
He digs—his heart dilates with plea-  
sure

To find a heaven-sent golden treasure ;  
A treasure to his utmost wishes,  
Superior to ten thousand fishes :  
With which he, joyous, marches  
home,  
The skull bequeathing in its room,  
Those hearts that with humanity  
distend,  
In providence are sure to meet a  
friend ;  
And the same love we to our brethren  
shew,  
Our heavenly father will on us be-  
stow.

A N E C D O T E  
Of ALPHONSIUS, King of NAPLES  
and SICILY.

**W**HEN Alphoncus had laid siege to the city of Cajeta, that had insolently rebelled against him ; and the city being distressed for want of necessary provisions, put forth all their old men, women, and children, and shut their gates against them. The king's council advised, that they should not be permitted to pass, but should be forced back again into the city, by which means he should speedily become master of it. The king pitying the distressed multitude, suffered them to depart ; though he knew it would occasion the protraction of the siege. But when he could not take the city, some were so bold as to tell him, that it had been his own, in case he had not dealt in that manner : “ But,” said the king, “ I value the safety of so many persons at the rate of an hundred Cajetas.”

THE

## T H E

## FLOWERS oF PARNASSUS.

PROLOGUE to the New Tragedy  
of SEMIRAMIS.Written by Capt. AYSCOUGH,  
And spoken by Mr. Reddish.

**C**RITICS! come your Favour to implore,  
For one, who never quak'd so much before!  
He, for a while, has left the gay parade;  
Has doff'd the gorget and the smart cockade!  
Each instrument of war has thrown aside,  
To strut and strut it here,—in tragic pride!  
From foreign shores are rich materials brought,  
Which to your *English* mode our bard has wrought.

*Phæbus* foretold—left he new dangers run,  
And rise, like *Icarus*, too near the sun;  
On waxen pinions, just about to sink,  
On his own rashness then too late he'll

think,  
And drown in a *Black Sea* of critics ink!

Ye gentle, feeling, *Female* hearts be kind!

A soldier fues, his brows with laurels bind!  
In this—your empire, your protection yield!

At life's expence,—he'll pay you in the field!

Not fighting battles, nor besieging towns,  
He dreads!—and only trembles at your frowns!

But hold!—our author bade me say one word

To all his honour'd brothers of the sword!  
He begs by them this night to be befriended

And bids me promise, this great bus'ness ended;

He'll glandly re-assume the *sabre* once more,  
If they his pristine rank will then restore,  
Nor deem him a deserter from the }  
CORPS!

## EPILOGUE to the New TRAGEDY of SEMIRAMIS.

Written by R. B. SHERIDAN,  
Esq;

Spoken by Mrs. YATES.

**D**ishevel'd still, like *Asia's* bleeding queen,  
Shall I with jefts deride the tragic scene?—  
No, beauteous mourners!—from whose down-cast eyes—  
The Muse has drawn her noblest sacrifice!  
Whose gentle bosoms *Pity's* *Altars* bear,  
The crystal incense of each falling tear—  
—*There* lives the poet's praise!—No critic art—

Can match the comment of a feeling heart!

When gen'l plaudits speak the fable o'er,  
Which mute attention had approv'd before,  
Tho' ruder spirits love th' accustom'd jeft,  
Which chases sorrow from the vulgar breast,  
Still hearts refind their fadden'd tint retain,  
—The figh is pleasure! and the jeft is pain!  
—Scarce have they smiles to honour Grace,

or Wit—

Tho' *Roscius* spoke the verse himself had writ!

Thus thro' the time when vernal fruits receive

The grateful show'rs that hang on April's eve;

Tho'

Tho' ev'ry coarser stem of foreft birth,  
Throws with the morning beam its dews to  
earth—  
Ne'er does the gentle Rose revive so soon—  
But bath'd in Nature's tears, it droops till  
noon.  
Could the Muse one simple moral teach !  
From scenes like these, which all who heard  
might reach !  
—Theu child of sympathy—whoe'er thou  
art,  
Who, with Assyria's queen hast wept thy  
part,  
—Go search, where keener woes demand re-  
 lief,  
Go—while thy heart yet beats with fancy'd  
grief ;  
Thy lip still conscious of a recent sigh,  
The graceful tear still ling'ring in thy eye—  
Go—and on real misery below  
The bie'st effusion of fictitious woe !  
So shall our Muse, supreme of all the  
Nine,  
Deserve, indeed, the title of—divine !—  
Virtue shall own her favour'd from above,  
And Pity greet her with a sister's love !

*A poetical Epistle from JANE SHORE to  
her FRIEND.*

**A**FFLICITION's school hath taught me  
to despise  
The mask of vice, and folly's thin disguise.  
Too long they rul'd with arbitrary sway,  
Too long they led my erring heart astray !  
Charm'd with an empire in my foy'reign's  
breast,  
Each glance, the softness of my soul confess'd.  
Tho' Royal Edward was the nation's pride,  
Did not religion's laws our loves divide ?  
Tho' view'd with wonder by th' admiring  
strong  
Why did I gaze, why hear his footing  
song ?  
Why did I quit the scenes of humble life ?  
And what were Edward's charms to Shore's  
devoted wife ?  
" Ah ! what had I to do with courts and  
kings ?"  
From virtue's root the flow'r of pleasure  
springs,  
Pleasure divine ! which neither droops nor  
dies,  
But breathes perennial fragrance thro' the  
skies.  
The glorious prospect vanish'd from my  
view !  
My bosom's guardian from her charge  
withdrew.  
Exil'd by me, her salutary voice,  
No longer tutor'd, nor confirm'd my  
choice ;

Passion usurp'd the helm to {conscience  
giv'n,  
And all our love was enmity to heaven.  
The breath of flattery fill'd our swelling  
sails,  
Buoyant on hope, I fear'd no adverse gales,  
Amidst the wreck of virtue, peace, and  
fame,  
When passion bulg'd me on the rocks of  
shame ;  
Enrich'd with pleasure's variegated store,  
Delusive fancy sketch'd a mimic shore.  
Yet, when the sun of favour shone most  
bright,  
When my heart danc'd in measures of de-  
light,  
If from the wretched I with-held a sigh,  
" Forgot the widow's want or orphan's  
cry :"  
If to the naked I deny'd my store,  
If e'er I turn'd the hungry from my door ;  
" If I have known a good I have not  
shar'd,"  
Or felt my charity by pride impair'd,  
If I did e'er with tyranny unite,  
Or leagu'd with power to trample upon  
right ;  
Then, let mine enemies insult my grief,  
Nor yield me aid, who gave them no re-  
lief !  
Yet, oh, my soul ! forbear this rash de-  
fence,  
Appease thy God by pray'r, by penitence !  
Great were thy crimes !—Ah ! sure to be  
forgiven !  
And bend submissiv'e to the wrath of  
heav'n !  
Didst thou not, wretch, forsake thy wi-  
dow'd mate,  
With Edward revel in the guilt of state ?  
Did not thy husband prize his perjur'd  
wife,  
Beyond his wealth, his friends, his fame,  
his life ?  
Would he not gaze with rapture on thy  
face,  
"Till love had deified each fading grace ?  
E're yet the wish was form'd within thy  
breast,  
Did not his ready love the grant suggest ?  
Ah ! couldst thou leave him !—Yet this  
wayward heart  
Felt his distress with agonizing smart !  
Oh ! when of late this husband I de-  
fey'd,  
In happier days, my guardian, and my  
guide,  
Tho' in my car, and plac'd by Edward's  
side,  
Sighs, tears, and shrieks, my bleeding  
heart exprest,  
And my touch'd soul, reverberates his di-  
stress !

Fixt on my husband's steps, with eager view,  
My sad eyes gaz'd a long—a last adieu !—  
A long farewell, to virtue and to peace !  
Why did remorse her kind remonstrance cease ?

A while my royal captive sued in vain,  
Why did the tide of passion swell again ?  
How vain were grandeur, homage, wealth  
and pow'r,  
To gild the gloom of life's desponding hour !  
Yet, how enluring was the glittering scene !

To vie in pomp and state with England's queen !  
To me, each courtier bent his supple knee,  
The varying seasons seem'd to bloom for me ;  
The choicest viands crown'd my splendid board,

The richest elegance my wardrobe stor'd ;  
To native beauty, foreign aids conduc'd,  
For the Golconda brightest gems produc'd ;  
Each vain resource of meretricious art,  
Adorn'd my person, but debas'd my heart ;  
To fix my Edward's love my constant care,  
For ev'ry vagrant wish concentr'd there.

But oh ! how frail the love on beauty built !  
How short the empire of usurping guilt !  
My conscious heart with self-upbraidings tost,  
Regretted—ah ! too late—the innocence it lost.  
When vernal pleasure's opening buds expand,  
Beware the thorns that wound the eager hand !  
Alas ! the ne'er her lovers oaths can trust,  
Who knows that love, pronounceth him unjust !

Mark how the little finny fry  
Pursue their liquid way.  
Play on, ye harmless race ; play on,  
Soon shall your thread of life be spun,  
And all your pastime o'er.  
To-morrow bring your certain fate,  
The school-boy holds the cruel bait,  
And then ye sport no more.

## III.

Look upwards, Love, and see the lark  
On aether's bosom float,  
What transport to the ear conveys  
The music of his note !  
Aloft he soars his airy way,  
And, to the ebbing tide of day,  
Expands his speckled breast,  
His farewell strain awhile he sings,  
Then flutters his resplendent wings,  
And drops into his nest.

## IV.

Sunk is the sun, and glooms the sky  
With his refracted rays.  
The beautiful horizon round  
Looks one continu'd blaze ;  
Till the rich col'ring fades away,  
Nor leaves one remnant of the day,  
Still leff'ning by degrees :  
Then night puts on her sable crown,  
Advances with her visage brown,  
And rules o'er earth and seas.

## V.

So, like the ev'ning of the day,  
Our transient lives decline,  
When pale-ey'd Death displays his flag,  
Frail nature must resign.  
This tax of life we all must pay,  
'Tis folly, then, and weak dismay  
To murmur or complain,  
For, like the setting of the sun,  
When all the sand of life is run,  
We sink to rise again.

## AN EVENING PIECE.

By Mr. WOTTY.

## I.

WHILE yet the radiant lord of light,  
Streaks o'er the western sky,  
While yet beside the rusky stream  
He casts his parting eye ;  
Shall we, CLORÆ, tread the vale,  
And listen to the dying gale,  
And walk the forest lawn ?  
Where side by side, in many a row,  
With transport bounds the nimble doe,  
And trips the dapper fawn ?

## II.

Or, shall we stand by yonder mill,  
And view the minnows play ?

## THE IGNORANCE OF MAN.

## I.

BEHOLD yon new-born infant, griev'd  
With hunger, thirst and pain,  
That asks to have the wants reliev'd  
It knows not to explain.

## II.

Aloud the speechless suppliant cries,  
And utters as it can,  
The woes that in it's bosom rise,  
And speak it's nature man.

## III.

That infant, whose advancing hour,  
Life's various sorrows try,  
(Sad proof of sin's transmissive pow'r !  
That infant, Lord ! am I.

## IV. A

## IV.

A childhood, yet, my thoughts confess,  
Though long in years mature;  
Unknowing whence I feel distress,  
And where or what is cure.

## V.

Author of good! to thee I turn;  
Thy ever-wakeful eye  
Alone can all my wants discern,  
Thy hand alone supply.

## VI.

O let thy fear within me dwell,  
Thy love my footsteps guide:  
That love shall vainer love expel,  
That fear all fears beside.

## VII.

And, o! by error's force subdu'd,  
Since oft my stubborn will,  
Prepost'rous thuns the latent good,  
And grasps the specious ill;

## VIII.

Not to my wish but to my wants  
Do thou thy gifts apply:  
Unask'd, what good thou knowest, grant,  
What ill, though ask'd, deny.

*Verse wrote on a blank Leaf of Middleton's  
C I C E R O.*

**H**ERE, well describ'd, a serious mind  
may trace  
How weak the wisest of our fallen race;  
Unequal to the various storms of state,  
Nor proof against th' attacks of private  
hate;

The loftiest genius, with the tend'rest  
heart,  
Must, with the common sons of Adam,  
smart:

Troubles of ev'ry kind incessant share,  
And, as the meanest of the species, fare.  
What then avails all wisdom not divine?  
Or what, O *Tully!* such desert as thine?  
Thy natal times had revelation bles'd;  
Our's had not griev'd to see thee so de-  
pres'd;

The lot of nature, then (untaught to fear)  
Had been fustain'd without th' unmanly  
tear;

Exalted reason claim'd its genuine aid,  
And future prospects present pangs allay'd.

*An occasional reflection on the Vanities of LIFE,  
and the absence of FRIENDSHIP.*

**T**Errestrial blandishments, at best, I  
find,  
Nor please nor satisfy the soaring mind;  
Quite cloy'd, or weary'd in the vain pur-  
suit,  
I pity mortals scrambling for the fruit.  
If aught in life could relish now with me,  
Friendship alone that cordial drop would  
be;  
But poor's the chance for happiness below,  
When scarce the sun can such an union  
show;  
In vain explor'd on this small distant spot\*,  
Where early fell, and still must be my lot.  
Then panting for a sure unfading prize,  
I fix my hopes, and look beyond the skies.

\* An island in the West Indies.



## G R A M P H A

## FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

Calais, November 22.

**O**N the 19th ult. a large brigantine, with a number of guns mounted, and full of men, supposed to have been an American vessel, foundered about fifteen leagues from the above place, and all the crew were drowned.

**Utrecht, Nov. 28.** In the night of the 20th of this month there was a most dreadful inundation almost equal to that which happened last year. Delfthaven suffered most, as the waters rose there one inch and a half higher than they were last year, and breaking down the repairs which had been made and were making in the dykes, ran with such impetuosity through the streets, that every one was in fear for the grand lock or sluice, upon the standing of which the preservation of the whole town depended: But by the wise measures taken by those who had the direction, and the indefatigable labour of the workmen, the force of the torrents of water were stopped, and we are in hopes that the country is out of danger for the present. The dyke which goes from Delfthaven to Rotterdam and Schiedam was with very great difficulty preserved; part of the city of Rotterdam was overflowed, and the water rose there half an inch higher than last year. It was remarkable, that the rising of the water lasted nine hours, which is full four hours and a half longer than usual. The water undermined some of the ramparts of Haarlem, carried away part of the Liebig, and overflowed most of the suburbs of that city. This vast rise of water was in a great measure occasioned by a violent North-West wind, which blew down many chimneys, tore up trees, and untiled houses; but happily we do not hear of any lives lost, or cattle drowned.

**Berlin, Nov. 30.** Her Royal Highness the Princess Ferdinand of Prussia was delivered yesterday morning, at six o'clock, of a Prince, at her country palace of Fredericksfeldt.

[Monthly Miscellany.]

## AMERICAN NEWS.

From the NEW YORK GAZETTE of Nov. number 4121.

To the Right Honourable RICHARD Lord Viscount Howe, of the Kingdom of Ireland, and to his Excellency the Hon. WILLIAM Howe, Esq. General of his Majesty's Forces in America, the King's Commissioners for restoring Peace to his Majesty's Colonies in North-America.

YOUR Excellencies, by your declaration, bearing date the 14th of July, 1776, having signified, that, "the King is desirous to deliver his American subjects from the calamities of a war and other oppressions, which they now undergo; and to restore the Colonies to his protection and peace."

And by a subsequent Declaration, dated September 19, 1776, having also been pleased to express your desire "to confer with his well-affected subjects upon the means of restoring the public tranquility, and establishing a permanent union with every Colony, as a part of the British empire."

We therefore, whose names are hereunto subscribed, inhabitants of the city and county of New-York, in the province of New-York, reflecting with the tenderest emotions of gratitude, on this instance of his Majesty's paternal goodness; and encouraged by the affectionate manner in which his Majesty's gracious purpose hath been conveyed to us by your Excellencies, who have hereby evinced that humanity is inseparable from that true magnanimity and those enlarged sentiments, which form the most shining characters, beg leave to represent to your Excellencies.

That we bear true allegiance to our righteous Sovereign, George the Third, as well as warm affection to his sacred person, crown, and dignity.

That we esteem the constitutional supremacy of Great Britain over these Colonies, and other depending parts of his Majesty's dominions, as essential to the union, security

riety and welfare of the whole empire, and sincerely lament the interruption of that harmony which formerly subsisted between the present state and these her colonies.

That many of the loyal citizens have been driven away by the calamities of war, and the spirit of persecution which lately prevailed; or sent to New England and other distant parts.

We therefore, hoping that the sufferings which our absent fellow citizens undergo for their attachment to the Royal Cause, may plead in their behalf; humbly pray, That your Excellencies would be pleased on these our dutiful representations, to restore this city and county to his Majesty's protection and peace.

New-York, Oct. 16, 1776.

[The above loyal Address was voluntarily signed by nine hundred and forty-eight persons of respectable characters.]

J R I S H N E W S.

**Clonmell, Nov. 21.** On Sunday the 17th instant, as the Rev. Mr. Lord, his wife and daughter, Mr. Potter, his sister, and a son of Mr. Wayland, were returning from the church of Ballintemple, between the hours of one and two o'clock, at the turn of the road near the New Bridge of Dundrum they were attacked by nine or ten men in arms, who rushed from behind the wall, when one of the villains knocked Mr. Lord's coachman off the box, another clapped a pistol to Master Wayland's ear, and swore he would blow out his brains if he offered to stir, while another, with the butt end of a gun, knocked Mr. Potter off his horse, and immediately seized Miss Potter, who rode behind her brother, whom they forced into a chair, out of which he twice jumped and fell on the ground, by which the wheel run over her face: but one of the villains getting into the chair held her there, and made off, leaving two or three of their party to guard Mr. Lord and the rest, lest they should alarm the country. They were soon after pursued by Mr. Wayland, Mr. Dexter, and some servants of Lord De Montfort's, and about six or seven o'clock at night were overtaken in the town of Burroughleigh, where, with the assistance of Mark Ledwell, Esq. and his brother, the young lady was rescued from the hands of these villains. Mr. Potter and his sister are both dangerously ill with the treatment they received.

The following affair lately happened at Carrick: Two lads having some words together, the one beat the other; a complaint was made, and the relations of the lad who beat the other, obliged him to ask pardon which he did with great reluctance, but

vowed he would be even with them for it. He accordingly went immediately and prepared a cup of strong poison, returned with it, and drank it in their presence before they could prevent him. All the intreaties for him to drink oil to bring it up again were in vain, and he soon after expired.

S C O T L A N D.

*Edinburgh, Dec. 17.* A genteel bounty has been allowed to a grocer in this city, by the Society at London, for the encouragement of arts, manufactures, and commerce, as a testimony of their approbation of his great improvement on the Diving Bell. By this new invention, the persons in the bell lower themselves with the machine, from the surface of the water to the bottom, independent of all other assistance, and at pleasure return. The dangers of being overthrown by rocks, stumps of wrecks, &c. are hereby avoided; and except in rapid currents, or a very unequal bottom, the men in the machine can proceed with it to a considerable distance from the line in which they go down. It is thought this improvement on Dr. Halley's Diving Bell will be of great utility in lochs and rivers, as well as at sea, for the discovery of marine and mines.

## COUNTRY NEWS.

*Birmingham, Dec. 12.* Friday evening last, or early on Saturday morning, some villains, by means of a large iron coulter, with which they forced out some of the bars of the window, broke into the parish church of Solihull, in this county, from whence they stole the gold fringe belonging to the velvet cloth of the pulpit and desk.

The parish church of Knowle was also attempted, but the people in an adjoining house being up, discovered the villain, who immediately made off without any booty.— The parish church of Hoanly has likewise been attempted, but there also being disturbed, they made off without accomplishing their design.

On Monday night, the 2d instant, some villains broke into Quarrendoo church, and robbed it of the communion plate and linen, viz. a silver cup and cover; upon the cup was engraved *Quarenden*, with a Latin inscription, which is forgot; they also took a napkin and one breadth of a new surplice, which it is supposed was torn off to wrap up the other part of their spoil.

The parish churches of Bingham and Ratcliff upon Trent, both in Nottinghamshire, were broke open, on Sunday night, the 1<sup>st</sup> instant, and robbed of various articles, particularly the latter of a silver chalice.

On Thursday night last, or early on Friday morning, the parish church of Kenilworth, in the county of Warwick, was broke open by several villains, with an intent, as is supposed, to steal the communion plate and other things of value, but missing the place where those articles were deposited, they decamped without their booty.

## L O N D O N .

## War-Office, December 10. PROMOTIONS.

1st Troop of Horse Guards, Sub Brigadier and Cornet, John Morse is appointed to be Brigadier and Lieutenant. Robert Merry, Gent. to be Sub Brigadier and Cornet.

2d Regiment of Dragoons, John Singleton, Gent. to be Cornet.

11th Regiment of Foot, Ensign George Buttrick to be Lieutenant. Geo. Mawby, Gent. to be Ensign.

20th Regiment of Foot, Edward Mitchell Obins to be Lieutenant. — Cooper, Gent. to be Ensign.

25th Regiment of Foot, Lieutenant Geo. Napier to be Quarter Master.

48th Regiment of Foot, Ensign Thomas Temple Fenton to be Lieutenant.

51st Regiment of Foot, John Thompson, Surgeon's Mate to the Garrison of Minorca, to be Surgeon.

Royal Americans, 1st Battalion, Lieutenant Jeffery Amhurst to be Adjutant.

Ditto, 3d Battalion, N. F. C. Lockell, Gent. to be Lieutenant.

Ditto, 4th Battalion, —— Graham, Gent. to be Lieutenant.

63d Regiment of Foot, William Cope, Gent. to be Ensign.

Surgeon Sir Edmund Grymes, Bart. of the 51st Regiment, to be Surgeon's Mate to the Garrison of Minorca.

*The following is a list of the ships and vessels taken by the Rebels, and carried into different ports in Massachusetts Bay, in New England.*

## S H I P S .

The Christian, Le Sized, from Hayfield.

The Clarke, a transport, from St. Lucia.

The Child, from Jamaica to Bristol.

The Berry, Archdeacon, from Honduras.

The Marshall, Lowley, from Barbadoes.

The Sarah and Elizabeth, Foot, from Jamaica to London.

The Nancy, Cowen, a transport.

The Success, Bell, from Jamaica to Bristol.

The Alfred, Calender, from Jamaica.

The Liveoak, Duncan, from Honduras.

The New Westmoreland, from Jamaica to London.

The Hero, Harford, from Jamaica to Quebec.

The Three Friends, Bower, to ——  
The Millham, Johnson, from ——  
The St. George, Bedgood, a transport.  
The Three Friends, Russel, from St. Eustatia to Ireland.

## B R E G I S T .

The Nabby, Veier, from Nova Scotia.  
The Swallow, Griffiths, from Tobago to Bristol.

The Betsey, Dalmasey, a transport.  
The Lady Jane, Taylor, from Grenada.

The Lovely Nelly, Sheridan, to ——  
The Fanny, Tookley, from Virginia.

The General Wolfe, Wilson, from Jamaica to Dublin.

The John, Wallace, from Grenada to London.

The Maria, Nicholas, to ——  
The Generous Friends, Hill, a transport.

The Lord Liford, Jones, a transport.

The Nancy, Crooker, to ——  
The Dolphin, Denison, to ——

A brig, supposed to be the Lively, Marindale.

The James, Baker, re-taken.

The Hero, Perkins, for ——  
S T O O R S .

The Lord Howe, Coffin, to Newfoundland.

The Halifax, M<sup>c</sup>George, from ditto.

The Industry, Earham.

The Peggy, Bradford, from Baltimore.

The ——, Gardener.

The Endeavour, Tatchell, from Newfoundland.

The Elizabeth, Ludlow.

The Beaver, Phillips.

The Dolphin, Carlton.

The Argus, Cockran.

The Frederick, Gaffall.

The Spermaceti, Pease.

The Britannia, Mills, from Jamaica.

## S C H O O N E R S .

The Molly, Beauchanan.

The Eagle, ——

The Sally, Walpy.

The White Oak, Dean.

The Polly, Baffett.

The Swan, Pupple.

The Lively, Holmes.

The Roebuck, White.

The Deborah, Kendrick, from Jamaica.

The Pecary, Atkins.

The Prosperity, Beale.

The Dragon, Nallion, from Dominica.

The Sally, Noble.

The Kelly and Nancy, Rendret.

The Frederick, Reynolds.

The Charming Ann, Jones.

The Mary, Matthews.

The Sally, armed schooner.

Diligence, ditto.

In the Whole, Sixty-six.

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19. Last night were interred in Westminster Abbey, the remains of the most noble Elizabeth, Duchess of Northumberland. By her Grace's repeated desires, the funeral, though decent and solemn, was as private as it could be, consistent with her rank. About ten o'clock the procession moved from Northumberland House in the following order:—First a gentleman on horseback; then four conductors on horseback with staves; four horsemen in cloaks, who, as well as the foregoing, went two and two.—A gentleman carried a banner, on which were emblazoned the principal quarterings of her Grace's arms: If they had all been displayed, they would have amounted to 156 quarters. Four horsemen in cloaks, two and two.—A gentleman of the household on a grey horse, led by two pages, bore her Grace's coronet on a cushion of crimson velvet.—Then came the bier ornamented with escutcheons, penons, &c.—This was followed by six coaches and six, in which were two chaplains, and ten gentlemen in cloaks as deep mourners.—Then came her Grace's own chariot empty, drawn by six horses, attended by her footmen, &c. which closed the procession.

At the west door of the Abbey church, the corpse was met by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Rochester, as Dean of Westminster, attended by the Chapter and full Choir, &c. who perform'd the last offices in the most solemn and respectful manner.

The same day his Grace the Duke of Northumberland ordered 600l. to be given away in charity; of which five hundred were distributed in the several parishes to the poor of Westminster, and the remainder to such as reside near the family seats and castles in the country, which his Grace desired might be considered as a donation of their late most generous benefactress.

21. Early in the evening of Wednesday, many persons had gained admittance within the iron gate that leads to the chapel in Westminster-Abbey, where the remains of her Grace the late Duchess of Northumberland were deposited, and several of whom had placed themselves upon monuments, and other parts, the better to see the procession as it passed; and a number of men and boys had climbed up, and seated themselves over the front of St. Edmund's chapel, which joins to that of St. Nicholas. The Dean and attendants had not passed the above-mentioned place above three minutes, before the whole front came down, consisting of thick, heavy oak, with iron bars, and part of the stone-work, supposed, in the whole, to be upwards of three ton weight. Among others were the following accidents: One gentleman had both his legs broke; a little boy met with the same misfortune; three per-

sions had their arms broke, and were otherwise hurt; a sergeant, or soldier of the guards, was cut in the head, and so much bruised, that it is thought he cannot live; many others were much bruised and hurt. This misfortune delayed the ceremony upwards of two hours.

Yesterday a carman was convicted before the Lord Mayor, of driving his cart upon the foot-way in Swithin's lane, and abusing a tradesman there; the Lord Mayor was of opinion, that he should pay a fine of 10s. as his driving on the footway might have endangered the lives of people passing by, and also be committed to bridewell for the abuse; but on the carman's asking pardon, and promising not to be guilty of the like again, the prosecutor requested that he might only pay 5s. which lenity the Lord Mayor said, he hoped would not encourage him to be guilty of the like again.

Yesterday an over-driven ox, which the brutality of his followers had enraged to absolute madness, tossed a poor old woman, in Old-street Road, and broke her arm.—In a well-regulated city in any other part of Europe, no brute of a butcher would be permitted to sport away the lives or limbs of his fellow subjects.

On Wednesday night last the house of a gentleman in Mark-lane was broke into by a gang of russians, who stole therefrom fifty-nine India bonds, besides a considerable quantity of cloaths: They were, however, pursued by a servant, and one of them was taken. The bonds had been placed in an iron chest, which the villains wrenched open.

A few days since a milliner near St. James's was defrauded of a satin petticoat, a couple of mode cloaks, some patent silk gloves, laced ruffles and other articles of value, by a very smart, genteel girl, assuming the name of H——n, who ordering the said things to be sent to her apartments not a great way distant, and waiting in the street, in company with a man, till a journeywoman of the milliner's brought the things out tied in an handkerchief, this female sharper snatched the handkerchief out of the young woman's hand, and made clear off with the whole, accompanied by her male confederate.

A post-coach stopping at Turnstile, Holborn, to set down a passenger, a thief in this short interval stole a trunk from the carriage, containing a great quantity of valuable wearing apparel, and several papers of importance, besides Bank notes. It is remarkable that the trunk was strapped fast before the window of the carriage.

25. Saturday morning, about five o'clock, a dreadful fire broke out at Mr. Wat's, near George's-Stair, Shad-Thames, which in a short time consumed the premises, as well

well as the house of Mr. Hayes, and another on either side adjoining, besides variously damaging some other houses and shed contiguous.

Monday at a general meeting of all the Middlesex Justices, it was finally resolved, that Hicks's-Hall should be immediately pulled down, and rebuilt on the same spot where it now stands.

Friday morning, about three o'clock, one of the watchmen belonging to the parish of Enfield, was found dead in his box, as supposed of an apoplectic fit.

26. On Tuesday the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs made as large a collection for the prisoners in the several gaols in this city as has been known for some years: There was near 70<sup>o</sup>. in cash, and a large quantity of provisions and vegetables, which were the same night sent to the several gaols.

A captain of a ship just arrived from Weymouth gives an account, that last week some fishermen brought into that port a schooner of about 70 tons burthen, her lading consisted chiefly of spirits and some tea, but not a living creature on board.

27. Wednesday, during the time of divine service, in the church of St. Ann, Blackfriars, a man genteelly dressed, with a watch in his pocket, was seized with a fit of appoplexy and carried out of church dead.

Wednesday being Christmas-day, the same was observed at court as a high festival; at noon their Majesties, preceded by the heralds, &c. went to the chapel royal, and heard a sermon on the occasion, by the Rev. Dr. Kaye, Sub-Almoner; their Majesties afterwards received the sacrament from the hands of the bishop of London, assisted by the sub-dean; the Lord Chamberlain in behalf of his Majesty made the usual offering.

Six poor men, who were sent from — under a guard, by the Mayor of that place, under pretence of their having been to sea, chained together by means of iron collars round their necks, were examined last Wednesday by the regulating Captain on Tower-Hill, and discharged as not fit for service: they were seen yesterday by the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, who, out of great compassion to the poor objects, ordered them three guineas to carry them home, and for preventing their being molested by the way, Mr. Payne, the City Constable, has made an affidavit of their being discharged by the regulating Captain, the said affidavit being signed by the Lord Mayor, and delivered to the poor men as a protection in their way home.

On Tuesday night a gang of footpads stopped and robbed every carriage and horseman they met with between the Whalsbone, on this side Rumford, and Stratford. They were armed with pistols and cutlasses.

## B A N K R U P T S.

Samuel Whitwell, of Shoreditch, Middlesex, warehouseman.

James Henry Cruttwell, of Long-acre, coach-painter.

John Taylor, of Tooley-street, Southwark, linen-draper.

Richard Fuller, of Ave-maria-lane, London, bookseller.

Timothy de Souza Pinto, of London, merchant.

Robert Kell, of Queen-street, London, warehouseman.

Moses Mordecai, of Lemon-street, Goodman's-fields, engraver.

Thomas Kerby, of Northampton, coach-maker.

Samuel Justice, of Austin-friars, merchant.

Robert Smith, junior, of London, merchant.

John Weaver, of the parish of Avebury, in Herefordshire, mealman.

John Saxton, of Wakebridge, in the parish of Crich, Derbyshire, dealer.

Joseph White, of Horningsham, in Wilts, maltster.

John Pentland, of Little Britain, London, baker.

Edward Falkner, of Bishopsgate-street, grocer.

Colin Currie, of Billiter-square, London, merchant.

Ralph Jackson, of Hanley, in Staffordshire, grocer.

John Alpinal, of Manchester, fustian-maker.

Peter Pinching, of Loddon, in Norfolk, woollen and linen-draper, and grocer.

William Rose, of the parish of St. George, Bloomsbury, vintner.

George Slate, late of Duke-street, in the parish of St. Martin in the Fields, victualler.

William Gream, of St. Mary Newington, builder.

Thomas, otherwise Robert Chantrell, of Fore-street, linen-draper.

Charles Leaver, of Wallingford, in Berkshire, shopkeeper.

Joseph Jones, of Cheltenham, in Gloucestershire, saddler.

Moses Cohen, of Tower-lane, Bristol, silversmith.

Thomas Bushell, of St. Mary Axe, London, mariner.

Jonah Webb, of Bristol, maltster, brewer, and baker.

John Hayes, of Battersea, in Surrey, plumber, glazier, and painter.

John Pennock, of York, leather-seller and breeches-maker.

Moses Oweny, of Chigwell, in Essex, innholder.

Thomas

Thomas Smith, William Lomis, Joseph Wilson, and Thomas Upton, of St. Paul, Covent-garden, shoe-wa'choulemen and co-partners.

Christopher Wilding, of Dartmouth, in Devonshire, anchor-smith.

Charles Howard, of St. Pancras, in Middlesex, dealer.

John Evanion, of Warner-street, Coldbath-fields, brazier.

Richard Scogden and Thomas Trufts, of Worcester-place, St. James Garlickhithe, London, stationers and copartners.

### MARRIAGES.

Mr. George Rhodos, Gent. of Kensington, to Miss Elizabeth Gray, of Castle-court, in the Strand.

The Rev. William Williams, of Penhow, Monmouthshire, to Miss Susannah Stratford, of Marlborough-street.

— Welch, Esq. of Battersea, to Miss Lucy Fuller, daughter of Mr. Fuller, of Wimbledon, Surgeon.

Mr. Woodgate, of Cheapside, to Miss Aylet, of Stifford in Essex.

Mr. French, hop-merchant, to Miss Mills, daughter of Mr. Mills of Kent-street, brandy-merchant.

At St. Martin's, in Ironmonger-lane, Orlando Thompson, of York, to Miss Margaret Warner, of Ironmonger-lane.

At St. Bride's, in Fleet-street, Jonathan Dean, Esq. of Retford in Nottinghamshire, to Miss Elizabeth Wilson, of St. John's-square, Clerkenwell.

Mr. Thomas Lewis, attorney at law, of Lambeth, to Miss Lardner, daughter of Edmund Lardner, Esq. of the Borough.

At Glasgow, John Weir, Esq. his Majesty's commissary-general in Dominica, to Miss Eliz. Bowman, daughter of John Bowman, Esq. of Ashgrove, near Glasgow.

At Egham in Surrey, the Rev. Robert Gabbet, of Berkampstead, to Miss Stephenson, daughter of Dr. Hugh Stephenson, of Egham, surgeon, man-midwife, and apothecary.

At Linton, in Craven, Mr. Sheepshanks, merchant, to Mrs. Peat, of Grassington.

At Leeds in Yorkshire, Henry Creed, Esq. late major to the 33d regiment, to Miss Read.

Mr. Rushworth, coachmaker, to Miss Hall, of Russel-street, Covent-garden.

At Chatham, Milbourne Marsh, Esq. agent victualler at that port, to Miss Catharine Sones, daughter of the late Rev. Mr. Sones, of St. Margaret's, near Rochester.

Benjamin Powney, Esq. to Miss Floyer, daughter of — Floyer, Esq.

At Lambeth Chapel, by the Lord Bishop of London, the Honourable Thomas Onslow.

to Miss Elliker, only daughter of — Elliker, Esq.

At Morvale, in Cornwall, James Temple, jun. Esq. to Miss Mary Buller.

At Chiswick, Mr. Roberts, to Miss Ann Blackmore.

Capt. Kebbel, of Rotherhithe, to Miss Diana Secule, his third wife, only sixteen years of age.

At Tottenham, the Rev. Thomas Roberts, M. A. to Miss Constable, of the same place.

At Dublin, by special licence, the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Cloyne, to Miss Benson.

Mr. Carter, harpsichord-maker, to Miss Giles, of Carey-street.

— Ownley, Esq. of Piccadilly, to Miss Cleeve, daughter of — Cleeve, Esq. a West-India merchant.

Charles Eastland, Esq. of Rochester, to Miss Rowntree, of Essex-street, in the Strand.

The Rev. Mr. Stephens, of Newman-street, to Miss Eliza Planta, of Grosvenor-square.

Mr. John Partridge, trunk-maker, in New Bond-street, to Miss Kippen, of Bury-street, St. James's.

Bernard Dewes, Esq. of the Middle Temple, to Miss Delabere, eldest daughter of John Delabere, Esq.

Mr. Thomas Lancaster, of the Old Jewry, to Miss Fanny Sanger, of St. James's.

William Wogan, Esq. late from Bengal, to Miss Jane Key, of Eton, Bucks.

Elisha Hawkins, Esq. of Rochester, to Miss Helen Thompson, of Bermondsey.

The Rev. John Conset, of Normanby, to Miss Jane Peacopp, third daughter of Mr. Peacopp, merchant, of Leeds.

At Camberwell, Mr. Edward Rolfe, son of — Rolfe, Esq. to Miss Johnson, of Westerham in Kent.

### DEATHS.

At Claverton, near Bath, James Clatterbuck, Esq.

The Rev. Mr. Nicholas Matthews, Rector of Hainford and Hoveton St. John's, and Vicar of Runham in Norfolk.

Mrs. Whateley, widow of Thomas Whateley, Esq. formerly of Nonsuch-park, in Surrey.

In Abingdon-street, Westminster, Mr. Priddie, surgeon.

In Gray's-inn-lane, Mr. Thomas Pingo, engraver to his Majesty's mint.

Mrs. Townfend, wife of Mr. Townfend, ironmonger, in Gratechurch-street.

At Richmond, in Surrey, — Stanley, Esq.

In Wellclose-square, Mr. Francis Creighton Horne, proprietor of the glass-house near that place.

At Lisbon, Mrs. Ruggles, wife of Thomas Ruggles, Esq. of Cobham, in Surry.

The Hon. Isabella Perceval, eldest daughter of the Earl of Egmont.

At Low-Layton, Mrs. Andrews, wife of Mr. Andrews, of Wood-street, wine-merchant.

In Charles-street, Westminster, in the 107th year of her age, Mrs. Caffer, a relation of the late Duke of Ormond.

At his seat near Edinburgh, in Scotland, — Patterson, Esq. aged 100 years.

At Workington-Hall, Mrs. Curwen, wife of Henry Curwen, Esq.

At Hinton, in Somersetshire, Mrs. Shaw, wife of James Shaw, Esq.

Basil Rogers, Esq. Mayor of Hythe, and Supervisor of the Customs in that town.

In Leadenhall-street, Mr. Henry Hanstet, Hamburgh merchant.

Mrs. Lyon, of Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, while she was kneeling down at her prayers.

Mr. Flower, brass-founder, of Wheeler's-court.

In Fleet-street, Mr. Abraham de Paiba, one of the twelve Jew brokers.

Mr. Millan, master of the copperas works at Limehouse.

In Queen Ann-square, Cavendish-square, Henry Tour, Esq.

At Chelsea, Mr. Augustine Cole, one of the proprietors of Ranelagh.

In the 30th year of his age, H—— Lloyd, Esq. Captain in the Coldstream Regiment of Guards.

At the Hot Wells, Bristol, William Stafford, Esq.

At the same place, Hugh Speed, jun. Esq. of Chester.

Mrs. Peters, wife of Mr. Peters, linen-draper, in Leadenhall-street.

At Egham, in Surry, Mrs. Mary Foster, widow of Thomas Foster, Esq. late Member for Dorchester.

In the South of France, Eglin Powers, Esq. When Sir Robert Walpole impeached Lord Bolingbroke of high treason, he impeached also the Earl of Oxford.

At Kensington Gore, aged 74, Mr. Alberto Dostiguardi, 40 years a domestic in the royal family.

In Norton Folgate, Mr. Chance, formerly a distiller, and several times a candidate for Bridge-master.

At Newington, Surry, Mr. Celley, attorney.

In Fetter-lane, Mr. Spurgren, herald painter.

Mr. Barret, master of the Swan Tavern, Little Britain.

Mrs. Howes, wife of Mr. Howes, jeweller and goldsmith, in Fleet-street.

In the Mint-yard, Canterbury, the Rev. John Tucker, M. A. second master of the King's school for twenty-one years past, rector of Ringwould, vicar of Sheldwich, and minister of Thanington.

Mr. John Brown, at the Mermaid and Castle, Windsor.

Thomas Moseley, Esq. of Bury St. Edmund's.

At Marybone, in his 83d year, Mr. Morris, the oldest inhabitant of that place.

In Wapping, aged 73, Captain George Poffry, in the West-India trade.

In Rathbone-place, Thomas King, Esq. formerly a mercer in Covent-garden.

At Hampstead, Mr. Gilbert Bertram, merchant.

Mr. Smith, of St. John's-street, clock-maker.

At Wansford, Birke, Peter Willis, Esq. aged 94, formerly a West-India-merchant in London.

In St. John's-square, Mrs. Cave, relief of Mr. Cave, late printer at St. John's-gate.

At Bethnal-green, Mrs. Mellaer, wife of Peter Mellaer, Esq. ship-builder.

At his seat in Essex, William Harvey, Esq.

At Ayr, in Scotland, John Crawford, Esq. Collector of the Customs.

At Blakehall, in Essex, Dennis Clark, D.D.

At Retford, the Rev. Mr. Alison, curate of Gamston and Eaton, in Nottinghamshire.

At the same place, Dr. Thomas Rayner, physician.

Thomas Urry, Esq. of Newport, in the Isle of Wight.

At Richmond, James Griffiths, Esq. an officer in the Welch Fusiliers.

At Clapham, Mrs. Ewer, relief of the late Mr. Nathaniel Ewer.

At Hartpury, in Gloucestershire, the Dowager Lady Compton.

In Lower Grosvenor-street, the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Edwin.

At Chichester, Mr. Sayers, late partner with Mr. John Hawkins, linen-draper, in Chichester.

Mr. Benton, distiller, in George-street, Southwark.

At Leith, in Scotland, Robert Ewing, Esq.

At Blackheath, Mr. Cawleton, attorney, of Charles-street, Westminster.

At Camberwell, Edmund Hodgskin, Esq.

In North Audley-street, — Abraham, Esq.

In Cambridge-street, Carnaby-market, George Wright, Esq. one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for Middlesex, and city and liberty of Westminster.

Mrs. Shaw, wife of Mr. John Shaw, merchant, in Ironmonger-lane, Cheapside.

In Leadenhall-street, Samuel Armstrong, Esq. of Hiningham, in Essex.

At Hackney, Mr. Richard Evans, late partner with Mr. Christopher Atkinson, cornfactor, in Mark-lane.

At Hampstead, Mr. Middleton, of Lincoln's Inn.

In the Strand, Mr. George Lindsey, watchmaker to his Majesty.

In Villiers-street, York-buildings, — Susan thenland, Esq. of Sheffield, in Yorkshire.

At Salisbury, the Rev. Rob. Gilbert, D.D. Canon Residentiary of Sarum, &c.

At Bath, Mr. John French, scene-painter at Drury-lane theatre.

In Spring-gardens, Robert Britton, Esq.

At Hammersmith, Miss Margaret and Judith Hodges, twin sisters and maidens, who died within a few minutes of each other, aged 53.

At Kensington, Mr. Marsden, an American, lately a merchant at Salem.

In Great Marlborough-street, Sir James Porter, F. R. S. formerly Ambassador to Constantinople.

In Lincoln's-inn Fields, Mr. Nathaniel Carden, aged 98, servant to the Duke of Marlborough in his last campaign in Flanders.

Decreased in the burials this year 1466.

### A Complete Index to the Volume will be given in our next.

A general bill of all the christenings and burials from December 13, 1775, to December 15, 1776.

Christened,	Buried,	
Males	Males	Females
8859	9499	8421

In all 17,280 In all 19,048.

Whereof have died,	
Under two years,	6871
Between two and five,	1676
Five and ten,	502
Ten and twenty	688
Twenty and thirty	1350
Thirty and Forty	1615
Forty and fifty	1893
Fifty and sixty	1673
Sixty and seventy	1325
Seventy and eighty	960
Eighty and ninety	367
Ninety and a hundred	507
A hundred	114
A hundred and one	104
A hundred and two	104
A hundred and four	104
A hundred and five	104
A hundred and six	104

Decreased in the burials this year 1466.



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